

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

FORGET ME NOT.

All yesternight you met me not.
My ladylove, forget me not.
When I am gone, regret me not,
But, here or there, forget me not.
With your arched eyebrow threat me not,
And tremulous eyes,
Like April skies,
That seem to say, "Forget me not,"
I pray you, love, forget me not.

In idle sorrow set me not;
Regret me not—forget me not;
Oh! leave me not—oh! let me not
Wear quite away—forget me not.
With rosy laughter fret me not.
From dewy eyes,
Like April skies,
That ever look, "Forget me not,"
Blue as the blue forget-me-not. Tennyson.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

Our readers are probably aware that meetings have lately been held in most of the wards of this city on the subject of a Monument proposed to be erected to the Memory of Washington. At a meeting of the citizens of the 15th ward, on the 12th ult. after the business had been completed, a general call being made on ELY MOORE, Esq., that gentleman addressed the assembly in a most eloquent and impassioned strain, which, as the reporter of the Speech remarks, "awakened the soul of feeling to such a degree that it was at times impossible to follow him." We regret that our limits will not permit our giving the Speech entire.

"I scarcely need remind you, that it has been the custom of almost all nations, and in all ages of the world, to testify their regard for their departed heroes and benefactors, by erecting monuments of some description to their memories. It is a custom sanctified by time; and I feel persuaded that most of you will agree with me, that if it were ever proper or becoming in any nation or people under heaven, thus to evince their gratitude and admiration, that it must belong to us with strong propriety, at this time, to pay a similar tribute of respect to the memory of him, who has been justly and emphatically styled 'the father of his country.'"

None will dispute, none can dispute, the truth of the proposition, that "closely allied to the love of country is gratitude to its benefactors." I am aware, however, that some consider such a demonstration of regard to the memory of Washington, as the one proposed, unnecessary and uncalled for. Indeed, I have heard the sentiment strongly and eloquently urged on a recent public occasion, by a venerable and venerated patriot of the revolution,* and I have heard it repeated by several revolutionary worthies since.

While I admire and honour the feelings which prompt the sentiment, I feel constrained, nevertheless, to question both its soundness and propriety. That those who advocate it, however, do so from the noblest and purest of motives, there can be no question. The sentiment has its birth, I am conscious, in the very exuberance of love and patriotism to Washington—yes, in the very fulness of patriotism. And is it at all marvellous, gentlemen, that those who were the personal observers of the character of Washington,—who were his companions in arms, and partakers in his fortunes, should consider neither brass or marble necessary to perpetuate his memory? So deeply has the impression sunk into their breasts, that it required no artificial aids to strengthen or keep it alive. No! it must there survive and flourish, until the wheel be stopped at the fountain, and broken the golden bowl. Can we think it strange then, I say, that the surviving patriots of the revolution should regard the pro-

posed measure as vain and superfluous? * * * From the lips of these venerable men we have been taught to revere the name of Washington. How often and how anxiously have we listened to the hoary veteran, whilst he discoursed of his beloved chief—whilst he related how that chief, with the raw recruits of America, foiled the foe or conducted the retreat. And how have our hearts throbbed, and our bosoms dilated with gratitude and admiration, as he expatiated on the benevolence, the heroism and sublimity of his character? While our hand was honored and blest with a goodly number of such narrators, there was not, indeed, so much necessity of rearing the temple or the column, to remind us of his virtues, or commemorate his name.

But a few short years, and alas! the scanty remnant of that narrative and heroic band will have departed from among us. The eyes that once flashed defiance in the face of the foe, have already grown dim with age; and the tongues which still delight to dwell upon the name of Washington, will ere long become mute in death, and the last of the apostles of freedom will have joined their Chief in another and a better world. When that time shall arrive, and we know it cannot be far distant, will it not be necessary that something more than the historic page should be presented to the eye, in order to keep alive these emotions of gratitude, and that spirit of patriotism which is essential to our country's existence? for so constituted is the human mind, and such the bias of our natures, that fancy and sentiment act more directly, and consequently more forcibly upon us than reflection, or mere abstract reason. How many thousands, therefore, would, by looking upon a monument to Washington, be led to study his character, who otherwise never would have sought for it in the historic page?

It has been and will be contended, I am aware, that history is all-sufficient to transmit to posterity the glory of his achievements, and keep alive a becoming veneration for his name. That the character of Washington will continue to form the favorite theme and the most interesting subject of the historian; and that it will be read and admired, honored and revered, through all coming time, I most devoutly believe.

We do not expect, fellow-citizens, by erecting a monument to Washington, either to add to the glory of his name, or to secure his memory from oblivion. It is impossible to augment the one, or become unmindful of the other. We design, by the act contemplated, to show to this, as well as future ages, that the citizens of New York, in the nineteenth century, were not forgetful of the claims which their political saviour had upon their love and veneration. * * *

Posterity will regard the structure we propose to raise, not only as a becoming memorial to Washington, but also an evidence of the skill, the enterprise, the patriotism, and gratitude of our age.

We may be told, perhaps, that if we should erect a monument, that the wing of time will sweep it from its base and lay it low in the dust; and by way of illustration, we shall probably be referred to the shattered and dilapidated monuments of antiquity. The column of Trajan, the Dacian conqueror, it may be said, no longer towers in its former pride and stateliness, but that his name still lives, not only on the pages of Pliny, but in the universal remembrance of mankind. I grant it all. But then I ask, was there no utility in the structure? Did it serve no important purpose in a national point of view? Has it not stood as a proud monument of gratitude to those who reared it? Besides, was it not the direct medium through which has been transmitted to posterity the name of Apollodorus, the architect, who conceived and executed it? And has not Rome ample cause to be proud of that name? True, gentlemen, true—the noble monuments of Rome are despoiled of their former grandeur. The rude hand of time, and the still more ruthless hand of man, has well nigh achieved their ruin. Destruction has been and is still at work among their remains. But does not the palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, the Pantheon, the Vatican, and the Coliseum, yea all the remains of ancient Rome lie equally fast to their fate? Flocks and herds graze around the altar where captive Kings were once arraigned—and solitary is that arena where once rung the loud buzzas of thousands. The ancient mistress of the world has well nigh slid from her seven hills,

and even those very hills, upon whose proud summits she sat enthroned, in imposing pomp and imperial grandeur, are fast wasting away; and as the wild wolf erst made his ambuscade, and the fallow deer his lair, where Rome now stands—so shall the wolf and deer make their ambuscade and lair upon the site of Rome, when Rome like Ilium shall cease to be a town—Still, still her name shall survive and flourish, so long as knowledge and letters shall endure among men. That name has been rendered glorious and everlasting, not by the powers of her arms alone, but by great and holy deeds of peace. Her fame rests not so much upon her achievements in war, as upon the number and grandeur of her villas, her temples and monuments; the skill of her artists, the eloquence of her orators, and the enterprise and gratitude of her citizens.

When the Arts had attained their zenith in Greece, the marbles of Mount Hymettus and Prion, Pentelicon and Paros, at the bidding of Phidias and Alcamenes, Scopas and Praxiteles, started into life, and told to the world her patriot gratitude. To Theseus and Minerva, the greatest of her benefactors, were reared the most magnificent of her temples; and although the monuments have partially crumbled beneath the tooth of time, yet the noble and generous motives which prompted the citizens to the enterprise, will be appreciated so long as virtue has an admirer, or patriotism a friend. Greece, in the fame of her artists alone, has a sufficient guarantee of her immortality. Her name, associated as it is with that of Phidias, must live forever. * * *

Let us no longer suffer it to be said, that the heathens of Greece and Rome gave stronger evidence of gratitude to the memory of their heroes, than we, the citizens of the great commercial emporium of free and prosperous America, have to our benefactors. We have by our negligence, by our lukewarmness, incurred the reproach—let us no longer deserve it, and let the structure we propose to raise be of such magnitude and excellence, as shall atone for our former neglect. Let it rise till it proudly overlooks the lofty domes and glittering spires of our city. Let it be the last object upon which the eye of the patriot shall linger, when departing from, and the first to greet him, when returning to his native land. "Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." * * *

Gentlemen—If there ever lived a man whose services and virtues challenged the gratitude of his country, more especially than that of any other—that man was George Washington.

Ponder the history of the past—explore the archives of antiquity; yea, search creation through, and I defy you to point to a solitary name (when taken all and in all) that shines with a brighter, a purer, a steadier lustre than that of Washington. Egypt had her Sesostris—Crete her Minos—Athens her Solon—Sparta her Lycurgus—Rome her Numa—Britain her Alfred—and America, thank God, her Washington. As a statesman, philosopher, and philanthropist, he was inferior to none. Brave as Leonidas, prudent as Fabius, and wise and just as Aristides. Who will assert then, that the most renowned and illustrious of antiquity—whether heroes or sages—whether statesmen or philosophers, better deserved the gratitude of their country than does Washington the gratitude of America? And shall we, my countrymen—shall we who have been blessed with the greatest benefactor that gracious Heaven ever vouchsafed to any people, longer show ourselves cold and ungrateful? Ungrateful not only to Washington, but to that Being who created, directed and sustained him? Yea, ungrateful to that God who gave us Washington. You are ready to exclaim, "the insinuation is a calumny—a libel on our characters." Then for our own, for our country's and Heaven's sake, let us prove it so! * * *

[Here the Orator alluded to the influence of Washington during the dark days of the Revolution, and proceeds:]

"In no one instance, perhaps, was his influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, whilst my now departed Sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited with thrilling interest

all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December's night (would he say) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark—cheerless—tempestuous—and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven and Earth had conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace. The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half-clad, shivering soldier—and in the roarings of the flood and the wailings of the storm, was heard, by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice—an attempt to cross it at that time and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise; yet it was undertaken; and thanks be to God and Washington, was successfully accomplished.

From where we landed on the Jersey shore to Trenton was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he—many of us frost bitten—and the majority of us so badly shod that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread—yet we upbraided not, complained not—but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost;—not for our country—our country, alas! we had given up for lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because such was the wish of our beloved Chief—twas for Washington alone, we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated—dispirited and exhausted—we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears: but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly—and the clenched hand—and the compressed lip—and the steadfast look—and the knit brow,—told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul, "On yonder field to conquer, or die the death of the brave." At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all his splendour, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few moments before were blanched with despair, glowed with martial fire and animation. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the "God of battles" and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired—the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; 'twas a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, (would he say) there did we stand, "foot to foot, and hilt to hilt," with the armed foe! and where we stood we died or conquered. Such was that terrific scene.

The result of that action, gentlemen, is known to you all; as is also its bearings upon the fortunes of America. Had defeat attended our arms at this trying crisis, our cause was lost, forever lost; and freedom had found a grave on the plains of Trenton. But the wisdom and prudence of Washington secured us the victory—and consequently our liberty.

How great our obligations then, and how much it behoves us at this time, to show our gratitude by erecting to his memory a monument, that shall tell to after ages, not only that Washington was great, but that we were grateful! Let it no longer be delayed. To pause is to invite defeat—to persevere, to insure success."

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.—When Garrick played Richard for the first time before the King (George III.) he inquired eagerly the next day whether any observations were made on his performance; "Why, yes," replied the gentleman of whom the inquiry was made, "his Majesty expressed astonishment that a man of your age could move his legs so rapidly; all that he said was, *Charlotte, Charlotte, see how quickly this little man moves his legs!*"

* General Lewis.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

Flowers, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Hunts of my early days, and still loved well;
Sweet flowers, remembered well! your hues, y^e or breath,
Call up the dead, to combat still with death:
The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved I roam;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.
Still the worn primrose hath a golden core;
The mallow thousand-bosomed as heretofore;
Displays a little world of flowers gray;
And tiny mounds might make come to mind
The worn-out cowslip of the daisy May;
And still the fragrant thyme is beautiful.
I do not dream! Is it indeed a rose
That, tender to the dew-drops, glows?
I think the ocean of the Eastern world
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
Do I not know the lofty oak of gold?
Then, that still waves the sun, with passion true?
No, sudden stranger! I say, I have seen
One not unlike thee, but with a bolder mien,
Watching her foot. Oh, life, far as aught
Beneath the sky, the pained petals glow!
In evening's slush; but evening borrows naught
Of thee, then rival of the stainless snow—
For thou art seedless. Lo! this fingered flower,
That round the cottage-window weaves a bower,
Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
Encumbers of the thicket it grows strong,
Might be the household of rude Hallow-shire,
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottage.
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends
Its head, on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
Above its fragrance in its sighing weeds;
And though 'tis not our dew-dropt violet,
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell,
That its beloved by village made as well.
Thou little, dusky, crimson-tipped bird,
Starting, but not in fear, from tree to tree,
I never saw thy plaintive low-note heard,
Nor hast thou been a suppliant erst to me
For leafy-crumbs, when winds bowed branch and stem,
And leafless twigs formed winter's lament.
No, thou art not the bird that haunts the garage,
Starts, mewed, with bright black eyes and lust of flame,
I look on things familiar, and yet strange—
Known, and yet new—most like, yet not the same.
I hear a voice, 'neath heard before, repeat
Songs of the past. But Nature's voice is sweet,
Whom never heard; her works, wherever seen,
Are might and beauty to the hand and eye.
To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,
She speaks of things that but with life can die;
And while, above the thundering Gihon's foam,
That courage snakes, my heart seems still at home,
In England still—though there no mighty flood
Sweeps, like a frowning northward, from the clouds;
But still in England, where rock-creeping wood
Shelters the peasant's home, remote from crowds,
And sheltered once as noble hearts are ever
Dwelt in the Almighty's form, and knew no guilt nor fear.

Elliott.

FASHION IN DRESS.

The Journal of Humanity contains a notice of a public Lecture by Professor Mussey, of Dartmouth College, on Health, as affected by dress. We copy it in part.

"Holding up a human spine or back-bone, he spoke of it as showing the ingenuity of the Author of our being. It is formed by twenty-four short bones, connected by a strong, elastic substance, and uniting with the greatest freedom of motion, remarkable strength; with the most surprising flexibility, perfect steadiness; so that it may be moved to a considerable extent in all directions. The spine is a pillar which supports the whole weight of the trunk, head and arms, and does not suffer under the longest fatigue, or the greatest weight which the limbs can bear. Upon the spine are placed the bones of the chest, viz: the ribs and breast bones. The ribs have only one motion, the upward and downward. They are bent in two directions, so that when all are raked up the chest is enlarged. This enlargement of the chest is facilitated by the elastic substance which connects the ribs with each other, and each rib with the bones of the spine. A very slight degree of pressure entirely prevents the motion of the ribs—a pressure even so slight as that caused by a belt held around them between the thumb and fore finger only. Now the object of this action of the bones of the chest is to promote the proper action of the organs within. Here we find the heart and lungs, where the circulation of the blood commences, and where its purification is effected. This latter process is performed by the passage of the blood through the lungs. Any thing which hinders the free circulation of the blood a moment, tends to occasion disease, and the entire suspension of the circulation for five minutes causes death. Hence it is of the highest importance that this process be not retarded. The Author of our bodies has protected the great organs concerned in the circulation and purification of the blood by a double guard, viz: the bony cage which encloses them, and the diaphragm, which is a large muscle separating the chest from the abdomen. This plays up and down when the ribs are motionless. But on many occasions we want the motions of the ribs and diaphragm both, as when we make violent efforts in running, &c. If the ribs are confined by a belt at such a time, we cannot fill the lungs with air, and the small quantity admitted to them will be insufficient to cleanse the blood, and hence diseases must arise. Every means whatever which tend to abridge the quantity of air taken into the lungs, must sooner or later injure the health. Individuals of slender chests, or in other words, who have small lungs, are not so healthy as those who have full chests. Take a girl at eight years of age and confine her chest by a band so that her ribs cannot move, (and you can do this by slightly holding a belt around her waist between the thumb and finger) and you will find when she arrives at a mature age she will have a small chest,

and small lungs. She is easily put out of breath; she has a flushed face, dizziness, and coldness of the feet. In a crowded assembly she faints, because she cannot expand the chest freely. When the chest is extremely constricted, the upper part may move by means of a joint in that part, but then one can inhale scarcely half a gill of air.

Enough has been said to show that there must be a proper proportion between the lungs and other parts of the body. If this be destroyed by dress or any other means a person may expect enlargement of the heart, tubercles in the lungs, pulmonary consumption, &c. &c. Below the diaphragm lies the stomach, liver, alimentary canal, and other important organs, varying in size before and after meals. But the corset prevents this enlargement after the reception of food, and produces dyspepsia, and similar disorders. If God designed to have a bone extending from the breast down over the stomach, would he not have made one for this purpose? Some cannot understand how diseases should be coming on for years and not be observed. But the poison of a mad dog sometimes for years is slowly tainting the blood, till at length it bursts forth in a horrible disease and brings on a speedy death. Similar to this is the influence of tobacco, and of ardent spirit. If the corset extends downward to the lower part of the body, it is worse than the belt, as it prevents not only the motion of the ribs, but also that of the diaphragm. The physician is called to visit a young lady afflicted with pain in her side, dizziness, cold feet, &c. He tells her to lay aside her corset. She replies, she cannot—she feels as if she should "drop to pieces" without it! This shows what her corset has done for her. It has weakened her muscles and made her dependant on that for support. It is asked, "what constitutes tight dressing?" Answer,—any thing which impedes in any degree the motion of any bone, or of any muscle, or blood vessel, or affects the form of the body in the least. The spine and all moveable parts of the body depend on the muscles. Every thing which weakens the muscles weakens the spine, and makes it crooked. When the spine is bent by tight lacing the shoulder blade "grows out," as the ladies say. The doctor is called on for a plaster to cover this. If he is ignorant of the cause of the deformity, he gives one, but as this fails to effect a cure, the young lady consults her habit-maker, and she, by stuffing and padding, pushes up the falling shoulder, and by bandages and straps pulls down the elevated one! These deformed spines are found only among young ladies—boys never have them. To what is this difference owing? To the effects of corseting on ladies. The effects of tight dressing on the complexion are bad. As the blood is not purified when corsets are worn, the complexion cannot be pure and bright.

As a matter of taste corseting is to be condemned. Those statues which have been regarded as models of beautiful proportion, do not exhibit to us the waspish waists of modern belles. These then are a deformity; as really so as the diminutive feet of the Chinese ladies. These are only three or four inches in length, the toes, excepting the great toe, being bent under the foot, and the heel being brought downward and forward by the application of bandages in infancy. What a barbarous practice, says some fair lady. But this only makes them cripples, while our custom poisons the fountains of life, and brings on disease and death. In Christian countries greater numbers have died by the corset, than have perished in India in the waters of the Ganges, and on the funeral pile, and before the car of Juggernaut!

Only one word can be said in favor of this practice—that word is, *Fashion*. Reason and common sense are against it; anatomy and physiology are against it; humanity and religion are against it; the goddess Fashion alone approves it. Mothers weep when they read how the Jewish mother could throw her babe on the iron spikes in the flames before the hideous image of Moloch, but these same mothers are sacrificing their beloved daughters to an idol no less cruel!

But we will not attempt to give the conclusion of the doctor's remarks. In language of deep and thrilling eloquence he administered a solemn rebuke to all who can trifle with life and with the soul by indulging or encouraging this practice. Every individual in his numerous auditory was fully convinced of the folly and criminality of the custom. Believing that thousands in our land would be rescued from destruction by reasonable information of the kind contained in Professor Mussey's Lecture, we cannot but hope that at no distant period he will give his views to the world in some form adapted to universal circulation."

THE TURKISH ADMIRAL.

"I have hitherto said little on the habits of the capitan pasha—those of most Ottoman grandees. He led a life of absolute ennui. He could neither read nor write, nor was there any body to read to him, had he wished it. He did not play at chess, therefore had an enjoyment less than the sailors: neither had he any person to converse with, an advantage possessed by every body else on board. Between a master and his slaves there can be no conversation, since the latter must assent and smile *en regle*. His legs seemed made for no other purpose than to bend under him: his hands to run over his comboloyo (rosary). A narghiler was never from his lips, except while he ate, or prayed, or slept: how he performed the first of these offices I have described; suffice for his meals, that they took place twice a day at unsettled hours. Officers continually stood before him, arms crossed, eyes cast down—a painful apprenticeship which every Osmanly goes through before arriving at power—and

anticipated every desire with surprising dexterity. If he wished to rise, he was lifted on his legs; if he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he walked, he was supported by the arms; if an ignorant fly alighted on his brow, officious fans warned the intruder not to return; even when he spat, which was not rare, he being asthmatic, there was never wanting one to hold his handkerchief for the precious token. Such servility—though perfectly natural from the effect of early education, therefore not abstractly servile—was disgusting to witness, performed too, by men who in their own homes exacted the same from their inferiors, and thus made themselves amends for their own humiliation. From the top to the bottom of the ladder is a gradation of similar servitude. The grand vizier kisses the sultan's foot; he bows to Mahomed. The pasha kisses the grand vizier's foot; the bey, the pasha's; the aga, the bey's; and so on. No muslim subject is so high but what he has a master, and none so low as not to have a slave; the son is slave to the father. I often saw the capitan pasha's son, a royal page with him; but the youth never sat or tasted food in his presence. With all his deficiencies, Achmet Papuchgi was a good natured man, a complete contrast to his predecessors during the last twenty years, who were all remarkable for cruelty. The quality seemed inherent to the office. In the middle of the day he crept into the kennel abast the mizen mast, and reposed for some hours, his example being duly followed by the officers, stretched out on the quarter-deck, and covered by flags to keep off the sun. On awaking, coffee and chibouques were served. Water was then brought, with a complete change of garments, and in the same narrow box, six feet by three, by two high, he washed and dressed; then came out and enjoyed the cool of the evening on his quarter deck couch, always doing me the honour to place me beside him with a chibouque; and no doubt it was a droll sight to the crew, who all gathered round the pasha and me thus cheek by jowl. His band, consisting of as many drums and cymbals as could be collected, with two clarionets and one fife, usually made a noise for our benefit. It played the hunter's chorus in Freischütz, Zitti zitti, and Malbrook, over and over till I fairly wished it at the bottom of the sea. I not only could not stop my ears, but was obliged to applaud liberally. Thinking, one evening, that its style was more adapted to Turkish music, at the same time intending a compliment, I asked the pasha whether it could perform any Turkish airs. 'Turkish air!' he repeated with astonishment; 'Mashallah! have you not been listening to them these two hours?' I bowed, and took refuge in ignorance. He asked me one evening if I would like to see his regular soldiers; I had never heard of any being on board. Presently six scare-crows marched aft, preceded by a drum and fife, each carrying a musket, and wearing a shabby tattered uniform. A first rate's marines! I could scarce refrain laughing out at the idea, although a thousand eyes were fixed on me to observe my admiration. The pasha told them seriously to do their best, for a judge of military performances was by. Accordingly they went through the manual exercise, and the same was rendered exceedingly amusing by the drollery of the jester, who, shouldering a long chibouque, acted as fagelman, to the roars of both spectators and soldiers. I warmly applauded, and the pasha in delight gave the corporal a piece of gold, which was contested by the jester, who swore that without him the troop would have been disgraced. The chief entertainment of every evening was provided by the crew, who, when the orchestra closed, commenced acting gross buffoonery, such as ducking in tubs of water for money, when many a poor fellow half-drowned himself in vain attempts to take with his lips the thin bit of silver, shining at the bottom; or playing at bear and monkey, when both the bear and monkey well deserved the pasha's beating gained them; or blind man's buff. This last game was capital. The blind man, provided with a stick, was at liberty to hit every body within reach, only subject to the inconvenience of tripping over the bodies of his prostrate fellows, or over the comings down a hatchway. The pasha's attendants received sundry blows in keeping him off the presence, and as he readily found his way amongst them, I supposed that he was purposely allowed a peep-hole, especially as his excellency enjoyed it much. A game also of men hanging in pairs to the spanker-boom, till one turned senseless or cried quarter, afforded infinite amusement. Each exhibition the deck was convulsed at the writhings of the actors; the pasha, forgetting his hauteur, would join in the laugh, and rapidly combing his beard with his fingers, throw pieces of gold at the victor. 'Well,' he said to me one evening that I was more than usually tired of this foolery,—'does your capitan pasha amuse himself in this way?' I could not for the life of God flatter him; I simply answered that the English capitan pasha had always else to do. A dead silence and mutual looks of surprise, ensued. Such were the occupations of the third man of the empire; of one of the chiefs on whom depended the fate of Turkey!"

Slade's Travels in Turkey, &c.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Some additional notices and specimens of this work, will not be unacceptable to the reader. Our first quotation is an address by a mendicant devotee, in the story of the Midnight Mass, to his auditors, while selling his Christmas Carols, in which he explains the origin of the Midnight Watch with a degree of topographical and personal accuracy, such as the readers of the Atlas do not meet with on all occasions! "Good Christians—This is the day—how-and-iver,

it's night now—that the angel Lucifer appeared to Shud'orth, Meeshach, an' To-bed-we-go, in the village of Constantinople, near Jerusalem. The heavens be praised for it, 'twas a blessed an' holy night, an' remains so from that day to this—Ox doxix glorioxix, Amin! Well: the sarra one of him but appeared to thim at the hour o' midnight, but they were asleep at the time, you see, and didn't persave him. So wid that he pulled out a horn like mine—an', by the same token, it's lucky to wear horns about one, from that day to this—an' he put it to his lips, an' tuck a good dacent—I mane, gave a good dacent blast that soon roused them. 'Are yees asleep?' says he, 'when they awoke; 'why then, bud-an'age!' says he, 'isn't it a burnin' shame for able stout fellows like yees to be asleep at the hour o' midnight of all hours o' the night. 'Tare-an-ge!' says he 'get up wid yees, you dirty spalpeens!' There's St. Patrick in Jerusalem beyant, the Pope's signin' his mittimus to Ireland, to bless it in regard that neither corn, nor barley, nor phaties, will grow an' the land in consequence of a set of varmint that ate it up; an' there's not a glass o' whiskey to be had in Ireland for love or money,' says Lucifer. * * * And now says he, 'because you wor so heavy-headed, I order it from this out, that the present night is to be observed in the Catholic church all over the world, an' must be kep holy; an' no throe Catholic ever will miss from this period an opportunity of bein' awake at midnight,' says he. An' now, good Christians, you have an account o' the blessed carol I was singin' for yees. They're but hapuns a-piece: an' anybody that has the grace to keep one o' these about them, will never meet wid sudden deaths or accidents, such as hangin', or drownin', or bein' taken suddenly wid a configuration in-wardly."

AN IRISH PLAN FOR CLEARING THE DECKS.
This laughable affair is from the tale of "Phil Purcel, the Pig-driver."

Phil is the very beau ideal of an astute peasant hiding knavish craftiness beneath a mask of affected simplicity. Scapin was a fool to him in real reguery; Davie Gellatly a Solomon in apparent innocence. His adventures in defrauding sensible Englishmen, by inspiring them with a sense of superiority that banished suspicion, would have excited the envy of Lazarille de Tormes. But his trick on his own countrymen is perhaps still more creditable to his fame; for

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.
A body of Irish labourers having taken forcible possession of the deck of a merchant vessel, in numbers that precluded all chance of a safe voyage, Phil offered his services to the captain, and cleared the deck by an expedient equally novel and characteristic. The captain first tries the effect of eloquence:—

"I say, boys," he added, proceeding to address them once more—"I say, savages, I have just three observations to make. The first is,—

"Arrah, Captain, avourneen, hadn't you better get upon a stool," said a voice, 'an' put a text before it, thin divide it decently into three halves, an' make a sermon of it."

"Captain, you worintended for the church," added another. "You're the moral [model] of a Methodist preacher, if you wor dressed in black."

"The captain's face was literally black with passion. he turned away with a curse, which produced another buzz, and swore that he would rather encounter the Bay of Biscay in a storm, than have any thing to do with such an unmanageable mob."

Phil now comes on the stage.

"Captain," said a little, shrewd-looking Connaught man, 'what 'ud you be willin' to give any body, over an' abow his free passage, that 'ud tell you how to get one half o' them out?"

"I'll give him a crown," replied the captain, 'together with grog and rations."

"Thin I'll do it fwhor you, Sir, if you keep your word wit me."

"Done," said the Captain, 'it's a bargain, my good fellow, if you accomplish it; and, what's more, I'll consider you a knowing one."

"I'm a poor Connaught man, your haner," replied our friend Phil, 'but what's to prevent me thryin'?' Tell thim," he continued, 'that you must go; puttin' to be fwhor takin' thim wit you, Sir. Put Munshther agin Connaught, one half an this side, an' the other an that, to keep the crathur of a ship steady, your haner; an' 'twain you have thim half an' half, wit a little room betwixt thim, 'now,' says your haner, 'boys, you're divided into two halves; if one side kicks the other out o' the ship, I'll bring the conquerors."

"The captain said not a word in reply to Phil, but immediately ranged the Munster and Connaught men on each side of the deck."

"Now," said he, 'where you stand; let one half of you drub the other out of the vessel, and the conquerors shall get their passage."

"Instant was the struggle that ensued for the sake of securing a passage, and from the anxiety to save a shilling, by getting out of Liverpool on that day."

"When the attack first commenced, each party hoped to be able to expel the other without blows. This plan was soon abandoned. In a few minutes the sticks and fists were busy. Throttling, toggling, cuffing, and knocking down—shouting, hallooing, huzzaing, and yelling, gave evident proofs that the captain, in embracing Phil's proposal, had unwittingly applied the match to a mine, whose explosion was likely to be attended with disastrous consequences."

"The immense crowd which had now assembled to witness the fight among the Irishmen, could not stand tamely by, and see so many lives likely to be lost, without calling in the civil authorities. A number of constables in a few minutes attended; but there

worthy officers of the civil authorities experienced very uncivil treatment from the fists, cudgels, and sickles of both parties. In fact, they were obliged to get from among the rioters with all possible celerity, and to suggest to the magistrates the necessity of calling in the military.

"In the meantime the battle rose into a furious and bitter struggle for victory. * * Several were pitched into the hold, and had their legs and arms broken by the fall: some were tossed over the sides of the vessel, and only saved from drowning by the activity of the sailors; and not a few of those who had been knocked down in the beginning of the fray were trampled into insensibility.

"The Munster men at length gave way; and their opponents, following up their advantage, succeeded in driving them to a man out of the vessel, just as the military arrived."

From the Atlas.

COURTSHIP.

This subject, of such universal interest, has been decided, in recent numbers of the Atlas, both in prose and verse; but we presume a further illustration, when coming from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, &c. &c., will not be thought superfluous. We therefore add some extracts from "Love and Authorship," a tale lately published.

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Will you keep your hand for me a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me spite of your uncle?"

"Yes," answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

"Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; her's formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlour, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl, when many a companion of hers of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and courtseying, coloured, and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtsying, coloured again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her, and her bulk had expanded correspondingly; while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now melted in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman."

[Tenderness, innocence, and affection, flow through the whole narrative. Theodore is present at a ball given by the mother of Rosalie; one with whom he had found favour watches his looks and motions:—]

"He came; she watched him; observed that he neither enquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the working of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading. She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever: a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before; and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew towards him. She approached him, accosted him,

and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa. * * *

As soon as the dance was done,—'Rosalie,' said Theodore, 'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I will get my shawl in a minute, said Rosalie, 'and meet you there;' and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

'Rosalie!' at last breathed Theodore. 'Rosalie!' breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say 'Well?'

'I cannot go home to-night,' resumed he, 'without speaking to you.' Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

'Had we not better go in?' said Rosalie, 'I think I hear them breaking up.'

'Not yet,' replied Theodore.

'They'll miss us!' said Rosalie.

'What of that?' rejoined Theodore.

'Nay,' resumed the maid, 'we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in.'

'Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie! imploringly exclaimed the youth.

'For what?' was the maid's reply.

'Rosalie,' without a pause, resumed Theodore, 'you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?'

'When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays,' said Rosalie.

'I do not mean in play, dear Rosalie, cried Theodore. 'It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?'

Rosalie was silent.

'Will you marry me?' repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

'Hear me,' cried Theodore. 'The first day, Rosalie that I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it, Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect, now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there whom did I sit beside, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with but you?—Whatever you might have thought then, can you believe now, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?'

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, 'Ask my father's consent!' she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again."

AMATEURS IN WAR.

One of the English Journals contains an article on the fancy which many persons have to see a battle or a siege, as a matter of curiosity; and describes the visit to Antwerp of two such individuals on the amateur errand. We transfer to the Atlas the concluding paragraphs of the narrative of their adventures. It must be premised that the parties are an Englishman known as Sir Hollyday Amble and a Frenchman, M. Alphonse de Beau Ramage.—ib.

"The day was now drawing to a close, and a dense fog hung over the ground. The Frenchman demanded from some of his countrymen the way to the trenches. They stared, but indicated a path across the thickly planted fields or gardens by which the vicinity of the citadel was surrounded. After wandering about some time, they fell in with two or three young officers of engineers. 'Ah, ah! this looks like business,' exclaimed Ramage; then advancing towards the officers, he said, 'Messieurs, veuillez nous indiquer le chemin pour arriver aux tranchées? Voici Sir Amble, Baronet Anglais; moi je m'appelle le Beau Ramage—voici nos passeports—nous sommes, comme vous voyez, des amateurs.' 'Connu,' whispered one of the young men, winking to the other, and then very civilly replied, 'if you will turn to the right through that gate, and then to the left, you will be in the trenches; we would accompany you, but we must make our report of the progress of the work. I suppose there is no particular danger,' observed Sir Hollyday, 'for I do not see the use of volunteering to be shot. By the bye, it is getting devilish dark, and one can scarce see one's hand before one.' 'En avant,' rejoined his companion; and on they went. 'How disgustingly silent it is—why,

the workmen do not speak a word; are they all dumb?' asked Sir Amble. 'Comme des taupes,' answered Ramage. They now reached the gate, turned to the left, as desired, and came to lines of earth thrown up to the height of two or three feet. 'Ah—nous voici,' exclaimed Ramage, 'comme c'est beau les tranchées! but I recommend you to stoop and speak in a whisper, or a Dutch sentry may take a crack at you. Evidently, by Chasse's not firing, he is not aware that our 'braves' are burrowing away into his stronghold.' They proceeded thus for about twenty yards, when they came to an embankment and thick hedge, then feeling with their hands, they followed another trench, and proceeded as before, until a similar impediment arrested them. Again they advanced, and again turned. After a quarter of an hour's labour, at length Sir Hollyday said, 'By Gad, my back's breaking; besides I have caught a glimmer of a star, and I see we have not progressed an inch. I always thought trenches were made in zig-zags, and these are straight as arrows.' 'Ce sont les parallèles, mon cher,' answered his companion. 'Dieu! que c'est martial,' said Ramage, in a military ecstasy, 'comme ça sent la poudre.' 'I think it smells horribly bad of decayed cabbage,' said Sir Hollyday, accompanying this observation with 'Oh, lord! my shine!' as he tumbled over a spade. 'Allez toujours, it is only an intrenching tool,' replied the other; 'but not a word, or you'll draw the fire of the enemy upon us.' At this moment a heavy projectile whizzed by the head of the Baronet, and struck the ground close to him. This hint brought both the amateurs on their knees, exclaiming, 'a Dutch shot!' and to add to their comfort, the trench was half full of water. After remaining in this position about a quarter of an hour, Sir Hollyday whispered to his friend, 'I think we were great fools for risking our lives in these cursed trenches; come what will I shall retract, or we shall be too late for dinner.' Then, creeping on all fours, they retraced their steps, but the interminable parallels confined them as in a labyrinth. At last the Frenchman, less cautious than his companion, raised up his head, and was saluted with a loud 'Halte Verida!' 'By Gad, it is a Dutch sentry,' exclaimed the Baronet; here's an infernal mess. Run we cannot. But we are not at war; so let us declare we are allies; and so saying he raised himself up, shouting out, 'Monsieur le centinel, je suis Sir Hollyday Amble, amateur Anglais, venu pour visiter les tranchées. Nous ne sommes pas en guerre avec la Hollande; ainsi ce sera un breach of national law to fire at us. Je vous donnerai un Souverain, si vous voulez nous montrer le chemin pour sortir de ces infernal trenches.' 'Kan nit verstaen,' was the only reply made by the enemy's vidette, who gave a slight whistle, and being joined by two or three others, our amateurs were seized, and in despite of protestations—what are protestations now-a-days? were carried off to a neighbouring post. On arriving there and being brought into the light, the officer commanding could scarce express his laughter at the pitiful plight of the two adventurers. They were covered with mud, and wet up to their middles, their velvet waistcoats were soiled, their hats had fallen off, and their faces were blue with anxiety and apprehension. Sir Amble was going to speak, but his companion checked him, whilst their captors were narrating in their own language what had taken place. When their report had terminated, the officer demanded who they were. Ramage now held up his head and said, 'Je suis Français—je me nomme Le Chevalier Alphonse de Beau Ramage—menez nous, Messieurs, devant le General Chasse.' 'Et moi,' added the Englishman, 'Je suis Anglais, Baronet de Worcestershire, et amateur. Conduisez nous plutot a Bruxelles, car nous ne sommes pas en guerre avec vous, et je n'ai pas dine. Voici nos passeports.' 'Messieurs,' said the officer, smiling, 'here is some mistake—how come you into this scrape?' 'Scrape, Sir,' replied the Baronet, 'we came to visit the trenches, and dine with Marshal Gerard; a spade has scraped off the flesh from my leg, and if ever I get back safe to London, the devil take me if I come amateuring again.'—'Trenches!' exclaimed the officer, 'why they are not opened, and will not be for some days. These men who you take for Dutch croats, are Flemish gardeners, and took you for marauders—this is a Belgian post, and the 'trenches' you visited were celery beds.'

EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

Speaking of the sea after twenty-four hours' experience, I am inclined to speak of it with high delight; but my praise cannot be very discriminating, since the greater portion of the twenty-four hours has been spent at anchor. Very smooth, pleasant voyaging this; no sickness, no rolling, no disagreeable of any kind; as the man when he lay at the foot of the hill he had to mount, said—'Oh that this were working!'—so I say, Oh, that this were sailing. However, such lazy motion is not likely to continue. To-morrow, to adopt the phraseology of Francis Moore, we may probably 'expect sickness more or less,' and couches may probably rob the dinner-table of passengers and appetites. However, come it may, as come it will, I am inclined to promise myself much positive pleasure from our long sojourn on the waters. There is a novelty in all the ship arrangements, a contrivance that interests me no little, and that, to speak truth, have done more to rob departure from England of melancholy, than any considerations of a more exalted nature. William Howitt says in his *Book of the Seasons*—'Thanks be to God for mountains! I am more than ever inclined to say, 'Thanks be to God for trifles!' They are sources of pleasure, and may

be made sources of benefit; often, by turning an annoyance into an amusement. Thus, our cabin, though one of the two best in the ship, for convenience, light, air, and size, has a rather ludicrous drawback: a good portion of some eighty dozen of poultry, ducks, geese, fowls, pigeons, &c. &c. have their usual habitation in pens over our heads; and all day, and almost all night, they peck, crow, quack, gabble and quarrel according to their several natures. The sound of their beaks resembles a shower of hail; they are of necessity cramped for room, and, like children, are always crying out for food. They disturb one grievously, but then they amuse; and when, at daybreak, their cries are joined by the low of our three cows, the grunt of some of our twenty pigs, and the bleating of a few of our sixty sheep, I am transported to a farm-yard.

I believe the *trilog* of the day, would be simply,

All sick. However, there are degrees of sickness as of stature, and I only attained to pretty decided uneasiness. Lying down cured me; something too might be effected by the conversation of a character so original, and so native to seas and ships, that she deserves a place in one of Mr. Cooper's nautical novels. She is my voyaging attendant, and, having in a similar capacity made seventeen voyages to and from India, five of them in this vessel, may be said to have no home but the water. Monsieur Forbin was deeply offended by meeting a lady's maid with a pink parasol at the foot of one of the pyramids of Egypt—the real lady's maid, with or without the pink parasol, is far more inappropriate on shipboard. But my treasure of the deep belongs not to this species. Staid, straight, Scotch, and respectable, her heart and accent full of the Tweed, and her talk of all quarters of the world. Something of a merchant too,—trading at all the touching points, and, from a collection of red morocco Bibles to stores of ribbons and pins, having articles for barter from England to the poles. Add to this, a memory that is a perfect Newgate Calendar for Scotland, with such sea habits, that from the poop to the galley, she is at home, is never tired, never out of temper, and never without a history appropriate or inappropriate to the book, matter, or conversation in hand. I have called her Sea Kitty—and here at least she will never lose the name. On land she is like many others—on the ocean she is like nothing but herself: in her eyes, the sea, like the king, can do no wrong, and next to the ocean, the captain:—her temporary master and mistress whilst faithfully served, and duly had in honour in all matters touching their world, the land, are somewhat regarded as children in whatever touches hers—the ocean: she is a nautical Leatherstocking.

To-day we may be said really to have commenced our voyage. Our pilot is gone, and the last faint trace of the Devonshire coast is melted into the sky: I watched it gradually disappear, rock, headland and cultivated hill, so that I should recognize particular fields again by their shape—yet, contrary to all the declarations of poetry and fiction, the farewell look affected me singularly little. The truth is, that occasions for great emotion are rarely times of great emotion; we are the slaves of passing events and necessities; and even against my will, the beauty and novelty of the scene charmed away sadness. Last night, the wind was fair for our purpose, (blowing us out of the channel,) but it was rather rough, and the sea was splendid; the magnificent swelling of the waves, the dazzling foam of their curled heads running hither and thither—with the bright and quiet stars looking down from above—all awoke wonder, how one could be a pilgrim of the waters, and ever yield to poor, vain, foolish thoughts! And yet, alas! both with one's self, and others, folly and vanity come to sea!—to sea, where one seems to have breath and being immediately in the presence of Deity!

An event occurred just as dinner was served, and, to the utter discomfiture of curls, all the ladies hastened on deck to see a steamer from Portugal hailed. We had not been long enough from land to regard it with much sentiment; added to which, the vessel was such an ugly common thing, with such a crewish looking crew, that I thought we did them too-much honor by standing to have our curls blown out. Our captain wanted information of the two Dona, Pedro and Miguel; the master of the steamer cared for nothing but the bearing of the Scilly Islands. After a little mutual trumpeting, we separated; certainly the steamer bore away at a gallant rate, but looking as ugly as possible, the picture of a fat woman with her arms a-kimbo, or of three single boats rolled into one. I dislike steam boats: there is nothing calm in their speed, or dignified in their motion; on they go, splashing and dashing, the bullies or the water, or when their smoke is visible—Beelzebub's frigates.

We are in the Bay—and, if it is generally what it has been to us, in the much calumnniated Bay of Biscay. The sea is quiet, and the wind so fair, that its continuance would blow us to Madeira in a week. It seems magical: in five days we have traversed the space that this very ship and captain have been, beforetime, three weeks in accomplishing. Whilst our present propitious circumstances hold, except the want of newspapers, and a hall-door to walk out at, we have no need of land. I have just cut a pine; we have fresh fruit, bread, and vegetables every day. Wonderful is the ingenuity of man! More wonderful still the protecting kindness of Providence! Here are we floating in ease and security over this fathomless, and, to the eye, illimitable element. On deck, our band is playing all kinds of home tunes, and there comes a strange blending of the dashing of waves, the boat-swain's whistle, and 'I'd be a Butterfly,' waltzes and quadrilles—sounds of English towns and streets. With regard to the said band, music is music at sea,

and it behooves one not to be fainal, otherwise disconcerted recollections might arise of on-chance one has heard in days of yore. However, any music is at times valuable because its mere noise brightens the spirits, sets people talking, and by the time we reach Bombay, our musicians may have learned to play in time. The orders transmitted to them (in modified phrase) are something like this:—they are playing an ugly tune, or a pretty one badly:—Did those fellows take a rest in it—or they suddenly stop?—Ask those fellows why they have come to, says the captain to the steward, a person grave as Sancho in the Island of Barrataria. These poor fellows (the musicians) occupy an anomalous position on board. They are to play morning, noon, and night, should we require them to do so; they play us to sleep, and to meals; they play to keep the men in step when the anchor is weighed, and yet upon occasion they have to haul at the ropes and go ashore—as Wordsworth says,

Something between a violoncello and a tuba.
Athenaeum.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1871.

The mandate has gone forth, the boxes of hundreds of our worthy progenitors are to be dragged from their resting place, and huddled together in some trench, and may possibly remain there until the rage for improvement, or the cupidity of some owners of real estate shall require their removal. We allude to the ordinance by which Pine Street is to be extended through Trinity Church Burial ground. We conclude that there is now no appeal, and as probably other cemeteries will soon share the fate of this, it may be well to consider whether the time has not arrived for setting apart a tract of land which shall forever remain inviolate as a public cemetery. Such may possibly now be procured in a situation remote from the compact portion of the city—a few years hence it may be too late.

The History of Ireland is just published by the Messrs. Harper, and we are not aware of any work possessing stronger claims for its mainly and impartial statements. This valuable addenda to the historical portion of the Family Library was originally prepared by Mr. W. Taylor as the History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, and published in that excellent series known as "Constable's Miscellany," the parent and instigator of all the varied tribe of Libraries and Cabinet Histories.

We were prepared from the acknowledged talent of the author, to find the work of a superior character, and we are not disappointed. But the labours of the spirited publishers, determining to leave no source unappropriated that could add to the dignity and interest of these pages, with much discrimination submitted the whole to the judgment of Wm. Sampson, Esq., the distinguished member of the New York Bar, to whose pen we are indebted for some very valuable additions.

The work commences with the sennachical genealogies which trace the foundation of Ireland to a period no less remote than the days of Pharaoh; but, as in most insular settlements, the real date of its origin is unknown. Leaving these traditions as a subject more fitted for the study of the archaeologist, it is well remarked that "the state of society in Ireland, the form of government, and the tenure of land previous to the Anglo-Norman invasion, are subjects of much more importance than the origin of the nation; for, without a previous investigation of these matters, much of the subsequent history of the country would be scarcely intelligible. The attachment of the Irish to their ancient usages, and the eager desire of the first invaders to adopt these institutions, was the primary source of the greatest evils by which the country was afflicted; and, notwithstanding the many changes of rule and chances of time which have occurred in Ireland, their pernicious consequences are felt at the present hour."

It appears that at a very early period "Ireland was divided by the Milesian conquerors into 5 kingdoms," and these kingdoms "were again subdivided into several principalities," each inhabited by a distinct sept, and tributary to its own chieftain.

It is the general belief that these Milesians were of Asiatic origin, a supposition which is strengthened by a remarkable analogy to many of the prevailing customs at this day, and also by a reference to the celebrated "round towers," which from certain links which are said to be accurately traced by the finger of the antiquarian, would justify the conclusion that the first settlement is connected with the ancient fire worshippers of Asia. The origin of a nation has always been a matter for interesting enquiry, and the introductory chapter, furnishing as it does the various traditions and their probable sources, the government and law of tanistry and those of the different septs, will be found to possess a particular claim on the attention of the lover of ancient history.

Of the early labourers in the ecclesiastical constitution of Ireland, we have the following description:

"The Irish clergy, though deficient in orthodoxy, were honourably conspicuous for their learning, zeal, and piety. Their missionaries travelled into the neighbouring heathen countries, not like the papal legates, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of imperial ambassadors; but like their predecessors the apostles, in the garb of unaffected poverty, with the words of persuasion on their lips, and the gospel of everlasting peace in their hands. The pious labours of Columbkille and Columbanus, if they were really different persons, are to this hour justly the boast of the Irish nation; though, unfortunately, the ecclesiastical system which produced numbers of men animated with similar zeal has long since perished."

Hospitality is a virtue inherent in an Irishman. Travellers and writers in all ages have testified to this; nor has this virtue been confined to any period, sect, or party. When the invasions of the Franks and Saxons forced the primitive clergy of Gaul and Britain to flight or submission to the despotism of the Romish see, "the Irish generously offered to the fugitives a safe asylum; thither came all those whose barbarous violence and Roman ambition had driven from their homes. The unfortunate Britons, in particular, threatened with extirpation by the Saxons, fled to the sister-island, and spread such a horror of the violence they had suffered, that the Irish to this day call their invaders by the odious name of Saxons." How this generosity has been repaid by the descendants of those who were thus indebted, we leave to her aggressors and "the long day."

It is melancholy to follow the historian through the long catalogue of misery and spoliation which have been the fatal inheritance of this deeply injured nation. With advantages for its commercial and domestic industry, equal (and in its maritime situation superior) to any country under heaven, with sons whose talents are admitted by every historian, the language of whose courts are wit, eloquence and poesy, and whose peasantry for sagacity and shrewdness are second to none, Ireland is, notwithstanding all these advantages, perhaps the most unhappy country in existence.

From the invasion of the Danes in the 9th century to the close of the 13th, Ireland was one continued scene of pillage and contention; submissions were exacted only to be renewed, and treaties made only to be broken; the party quarrels of the leaders, and the hostilities of their followers, were however partially quelled by the successful efforts of Sir John Wogan, the English governor, who having prevailed on the rival leaders, De Burghos and Fitzgerald, to consent to a truce, immediately summoned a Parliament to take into consideration the grievances of the people. The invasion, however, of Edward Bruce in 1315, again threw the country into a state of confusion which was only finally reduced by the capricious but conciliatory measures of Edward III. who with a show of favor distinguished the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, but with the view however to ensure their aid in his projected invasion of France.

However pure the administration of a foreign governor may be conducted, it never can be a subject of content with the parties governed—because, the very existence of his administration proclaims their own defeat, or taunts them with their incapacity or their wrongs. The character of Sir Thomas Rokeby, the governor in 1553, is so honourable an exception, that we must find space for the historian's record of this amiable man:—"Mild in his manners, and upright in his conduct, this excellent governor successfully laboured to conciliate all parties by justice and moderation. When advised to enrich himself by arts well known to all that went before, and many that succeeded him, he nobly replied, 'I am served without parade or splendour; but let my dishes be wooden, rather than my creditors unpaid.' But the abilities of this excellent man were not equal to the purity of his intentions. Indeed, powers absolutely miraculous were required to tranquillize a land where every spot was filled with the elements of discord, and where every person felt an interest in creating public disturbance."

We must, however, progress in our notice; on our 6th page will be found some interesting extracts which we cannot afford space for here.

The history of Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth is very fully stated, and contains some valuable information, while the rapacity of James I. which terminated only with his death, is ably drawn by the author.

The Cromwellian Invasion in 1649 commences the second volume, which, with the war, and the dispersion of the Irish nobles and the immediate settlement of the Cromwellians, occupies four chapters. The restoration of Charles II., the Irish Parliament of James in 1689, receives a due share of the author's notice. The campaigns of Schomberg and Marlborough, the Treaty of Limerick and its consequences, the Legislative Independence of the Irish Parliament, are all brought fairly before the reader; and the Insur-

rection of 1798, its suppression and consequences, close the labours of Mr. Taylor.

The conclusion, by Mr. Sampson, is replete with the most valuable and interesting information, and ably as the labours of Mr. Taylor have been conducted, the knowledge that these illustrations existed but were unattached and separate from these volumes, would in our estimation deteriorate the value of the whole.

The Appendix which embraces the Report of Dr. Macneven in relation to the monument of Thomas Addis Emmet, will be read with an interest that we presume must carry a conviction to the heart of every reader, that the name of this distinguished man, connected as it is with all that is honorable, virtuous and patriotic, shall live when "titled fools" have sunk into their kindred dust.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Casualties—Silver spoons and "sich like."—Edward Gidding, a full-grown professor of the art of chimney sweeping in all its branches, was charged with an assault on Mr. Joseph Sadgrove, a young aspirant in the same science, who entered the office with all his 'sooty honours thick upon him.'

'Well, my lad,' said the Magistrate, 'what have you brought Edward Gidding here for?'

'For hitting me the preciousst vop as never vos on my head with this here stick,' said Joe, holding up a piece of wood the thickness of a broom-staff.

'What did he strike you for?' inquired the Magistrate.

'Cause I couldn't go arter a tanner I'd yarnt for sweeping a gemman's chimbley in Hoxford street on the sly,' answered the complainant.

Magistrate—What do you mean?

Joe—Vy, 'at Ned vouted me to ax for the sixpence and not to give it master, 'cause the gemman's chimbley as ve swept vos vot ve calls a 'casuly'—that is at it vornt von of our riglar customers, and so master couldn't know nothing—if nobody didn't tell him on it.

'Your Vership,' said a short square person, coming forward, 'I'm the master of these here lads. It vos my instigation has made 'em come afore your Vership, not only on account of the assault, but 'cause I vont your Vership to investigate into the werry bottom of another affair, consarnin on a silver spoon as vos found among the dust I got out of a gemmen's house in Golden-square last week. I sot this here boy to sift the dust, ven he finds a silver spoon, and afore ever he could bring it to me, Ned Gidding whips away with it, and nobody never seed nothing on it from that ere time to this here.'

'Is it true,' said the Magistrate to the boy, 'that you did find a silver spoon among the dust?'

Joe—I'll take my solid oath on it.

Defendant—Oo, you lazy young warmint! You know'd werry well it warnt silver, but only a bit of pewter vich wa'n't good for nothing to nobody. Vy, didn't I bring it again to you the next morning?

Joe—That ere warnt the same spoon. The von I found had a Lion's head and a D on the handles, and this here tother von hadn't got nothing on it.

Magistrate—But are you sure it was silver, boy?

Joe—(grinning)—I've had too many on 'em thro' my hands not to know vot's silver and vot arnt.

Defendant—Vot you've said is werry false, and you nose it. Ah! your Vership, I've vorked twenty year and upwards for master, and never had nothin sich like agin my carraeter afore; I've larnt that ere boy to be as good a hand in the perfection as any in Lunnon, and now he has the bowdacious ingratitude for to go to scandalize me afore your Vership.

Joe—Vot I've said is true, and I'll stick to it like bricks.

The Magistrate, finding that nothing more could at present be discovered concerning the spoon, allowed the warrant to stand over, at the particular desire of the master, who stated his determination "to throw a light furdur into the investigation."

A Crack and a wee drappie.—Andrew McCaul, a long, lean lad, apparently fresh from the 'Land o' Cakes,' appeared among the 'disorderlies,' charged by the policeman who took him into custody, with having grown so enamoured of the landlord of the Black Bull's Liquor, after having imbibed a more than prudent portion of it, that he insisted upon forcing himself into the house at an unreasonable hour, in order to get another 'wee drappie.' It was in vain the policeman issued his authoritative 'move on,' for Andrew had reached that happy state of exaltation which rendered him in his own opinion more than a match for a whole phalanx of policemen, and therefore he retorted the command back on the policeman, and put himself in an 'imposing attitude,' in order to enforce compliance. The policeman being, however, armed with authority, and a truncheon to back it, proved the more potential of the two, and bore the defendant off to the station-house.

'Ye'll allow me to speak in my ain defence,' said Andrew, in a most unsophisticated Aberdeenshire brogue.

'Certainly,' answered the Magistrate.

'Then ye maun ken I'm just frae Aberdeen, and, as I have na been in this toon mair than ane day, ye'll see I did na ken anything o' the ways o' London fowk. Mysel and a friend went into a house to hae a crack, and a wee drap toddie thegither, and it was gay gude drink, we had sax tumblers between us before we'd finished our cracks. Weel, says I, we're just ganging to part, sae we'll tak just ane 'wee chockt' mair. 'What'n a language did ye ca that yere speaking,' said a chappie who was drinking at the bar, 'it's only fit to christen pigs wi.' Sir, I took this in the licht o' a national affront, and sae I said, 'Gang been the house, ye blackguard, and ise gie ye a fine pecking.' 'Na, na,' said the landlord, 'I'll have no fechtin here, sae gang yer gait oot my house.' Weel, your Worship, I was turned oot, and then I tried we nuckle might to get in again, no for the purpose o' gettin ony mair drink, but to vindicate my honour.'

'Was you drunk?' inquired the Magistrate.

'Na! na! I'm no gaun to dig a pit to brak my ain neck intil,' said Andrew, looking suspiciously at the Magistrate, 'ye na get ony sic admission as that frae me.'

'Then I must hold you to bail, otherwise it was my intention to have discharged you after paying the usual fine,' said the Magistrate.

This announcement appeared to give Andrew some annoyance, especially as he had fallen into the pit he had tried to avoid; and after being removed from the bar a short time, he sent a friend to state that he was willing to admit he was drunk.

The Magistrate directed that Andrew should be recalled, and having put the usual question, was answered cautiously by Andrew, who appeared desirous to keep on the windy side of the law, that 'he was willing to admit he was na what might just precisely be ca'd sober.' After this admission, on payment of a fine of 5s. he was allowed to leave the office.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

CONVIVIAL HABITS OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.—It had been thought very desirable, while President Dundas was king's counsel, that his assistance should be obtained in drawing an appeal case, which, as occasion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held to be a matter of great nicety. The solicitor employed for the appellant, attended by my informant acting as his clerk, went to the lord advocate's chambers in the Fishmarket Close, as I think. It was Saturday at noon, the court was just dismissed, the lord advocate had changed his dress and booted himself, and his servant and his horses were at the foot of the close to carry him to Arniston. It was scarcely possible to get him to listen to a word respecting business. The wily agent, however on pretence of asking one or two questions which would not detain him half an hour, drew his lordship, who was no less an eminent barrister than a lawyer of unequalled talent, to take a whet at a celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gradually involved in a spirited discussion of the law points of the case. At length it occurred to him, that he might as well ride to Arniston in the cool of the evening. The horses were directed to be put in the stable, but not to be unsaddled. Dinner was ordered, the law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circulated very freely. At nine o'clock at night, after he had been honouring Bacchus for so many hours, the lord advocate ordered his horses to be unsaddled—paper, pen, and ink, were brought—he began to dictate the appeal case—and continued at his task till four o'clock the next morning. By the next day's mail, the solicitor sent the case to London, a chef-d'œuvre of its kind; and in which, my informant assured me, it was not necessary on revision to correct five words.—Note to Guy Mannering.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Give me the mind that bent on highest aim,
Deem'd Virtue's rugged path, sole path to Fame,
Great things with small compares in scale sublime,
And Death with Life!—Eternity with Time!
Man's whole existence weighs, sifts Nature's laws,
And views results in the embryo of their cause;
Prepar'd to meet with corresponding deeds,
Events as yet imprisoned in their seeds;
Kens in his acorn hid, the King of Trees,
And Freedom's germ in foul Oppression sees;
Precedes the march of Time—to ponder fate,
And executes, while others meditate;
That deaf to praise, the servile knee
Rebukes, and says to Glory—follow me!

Colton's "Conflagration of Moscow."

THE SPANISH MULETEER.—He has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant way-faring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chants forth with a loud voice, and long drawing cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his

paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chanted are often old traditional romances about the Moors; or some legend of a saint; or some love ditty; or what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandero; for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muletter is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes they illustrate, accompanied as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.—*Tales of the Alhambra*.

ROMAN FANCY BREAD.—The price of bread in Rome when Pliny lived, was nearly the same or a little lower than it is in our day in London. The Romans made four descriptions of them, viz., *Osterarii*, or loaves baked with oysters; *Artolagant*, which correspond with our cakes, or rather rolls; *Spensicli*, from the quick mode of the preparation; and *Artopticli*, or those baked in ovens, so called from the kind of furnace in which they were prepared. This last must have been of nearly the same quality as our middle sort of wheaten bread, and was sold, according to the calculation of Arbuthnot, at the rate of three shillings and twopenne the peck loaf.

WEAVING.—The vestments of the early inhabitants of the world discovered neither art nor industry. In process of time resource was had to the wool of animals, and this led to the farther discovery of the art of uniting the separate parts into one continued thread, by means of the spindle; and this would consequently lead to the next step, the invention of weaving, which, according to Democritus, who flourished 400 years before Christ, arose from the art of the spider who guides and manages the threads by the weight of her own body. Chronology informs us, linen was first made in England, 1253. "Now began the luxurious to wear linen, but the generality woollen shirts." Table Linen was very scarce in England in 1386. A company of linen weavers, however, came over from the Netherlands in that year, after which it became more abundant.

THE AFRICAN GRAY PELICAN.—It is somewhat singular that the opinion of the pelican feeding its young with its blood is as general in Houssa as it is among the lower class of people in Europe; and to this belief I must acknowledge myself a proselyte! I have stood for a long while together by the side of this stupid animal, watching its motions, and seeing it bending its head for its offspring to extract their nourishment. The young ones thrust their beaks into a small aperture at the lower part of the back of the neck of their parent, and they swallow the substance that flows freely through. If it be not blood that issues from the old bird, it is a red liquid so closely resembling it, that the difference cannot be perceived. I took a sketch of the pelican feeding its young in this manner, in Houssa, which is now in my possession, and I should not have said so much on the subject, if my assertions had not been questioned by several of my countrymen.—*Lander's Records of the African Expedition*.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL BYNG.—Many years after this tragedy was acted, being with the Princess Amelia at her villa at Gunnersbury, (near Acton,) she told me, that while Admiral Byng's affair was pending, the Duchess of Newcastle sent Lady Sophia Egerton to her (the Princess), to beg her to be for the execution. They thought, added the Princess, that unless he was put to death, Lord Anson would not be at the head of the Admiralty! I replied, that I thought his death most unjust, and the sentence a most absurd contradiction. Lady Sophia Egerton was wife of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Durham. What a complication of horrors! Women employed on a job for blood!—*Lord Orford's Memoirs*.

A humorous work, entitled "A Yankee among the Nullifiers," will be issued from the press of Wm. Stoddart in the course of next week. From the writings of the author, with which we are familiar, we anticipate a work full of pleasantry, with a full share of sarcastic wit.

NEW WORK.—We beg to call the attention of our readers to the proposal of Mr. Disturnell for publishing a complete guide to the city of New York. The work is intended to furnish every information to the citizen, and the mercantile and visiting stranger, and being a valuable desideratum in our local information, will we are persuaded meet that attention which the necessity for such a work demands. (See adv.)

PERRYIAN PENS.—We have now used these excellent instruments for posting and general business nearly four months, and can safely recommend them as the best substitute for quills that has yet come under our notice. The Agent, Mr. Cattunuch, also supplies the Perryian ink, which, with the Pens, may be had at his Store, No. 45 Maiden Lane.

Mr. KING, Professor of Elocution, gives notice, that his Institution for the Permanent Correction and Cure of Stammering, and all other Incurments of Speech, is closed. Also, that he will open in Philadelphia on the 20th inst.

Those who require his services, are requested to make application by the 15th of March, as the Institution will not continue open for three months.

No pecuniary demand will be made, should the pupil shall be satisfied with his instruction.—Feb. 16. ac 1

HOLY ROOD.

The moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss,
A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;
And nothing came upon the soul but soft,
Sad images. And this was once a palace,
Where the rich viol answer'd to the lute,
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,
And dreamed not of the long and many years
When the heart was to waste itself away
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,
The prison and the scaffold, could they be
But things whose very name was not for her?
And this, now fallen sanctuary, how oft
Have hymns and incense made it holiness;
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
Its once fair mistress may have stolen to pour
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent,
But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds
That it may not suffice unto itself,
But seeks communion with that other state,
Whose mystery to it is as a shroud
In which it may conceal its strife of thought,
And find repose.

But it is utterly changed;
No incense rises, save some chance wild flower
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,
No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;
And all is desolate and solitude.
And thus it is with links of destiny:
Clay fastens on with gold—and none may tell
What the chain's next unravelling may be;
Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights!
Alas, for time!—still more, alas, for change!

L. E. L.

LEO X.

No man possessed more elegant scholarship than Leo. The habits of his education led him to prefer the classics to the fathers; and as he was more a Meccenas than a bishop, the opinion of the world was naturally formed, that profane literature shared an undue portion of his patronage. Doubtless, the quality of his mind influenced his conduct; but it is equally true that learned theologians and lawyers were cherished by him. Many men of genius found in Leo an affectionate and generous patron; and I wish that his deportment in the literary world had always been so judicious as to warrant the opinion, that his love of intellectual ability was a passion that dwelt in his mind in purity and singleness of feeling; but Ariosto, who ranks with Dante and Petrarca, was contemptuously slighted by him; and the genius of Michael-angiolo was suffered to lie waste in some Florentine stone-quarries. Nor did Leonardo da Vinci enjoy any larger share of papal patronage. Leo befriended Paolo Govio and Pietro Aretino, indeed; men who were as detestable for the immorality of their lives, as for the venality of their pens. The latter writer, however, sometimes recorded facts; and much do I regret, that my duty to truth compels me to point out the shades in Leo's character. It was difficult to judge, Aretino said, whether the merit of the learned, or the tricks of buffoons, afforded most delight to the Pope. The deformities and vices, the negligences and errors of men, were made a matter of mirth. Even idiocy was laughed at. I cannot commend the taste of Leo on this subject, although the Greeks and Romans, with Aristotle and Cicero at their head, used to place personal defects within the region of ridicule. To the extemporaneous poetry of Andrea de Marr, the wisest men might have listened; but what polished mind could take delight in crowning Querno of Monopoli with a wreath of cabbage and laurel, in seeing him eat to excess, and hearing the wretched fool recite his doggerel rhymes.

The social hours of the Pope were as little distinguished for apostolical simplicity, as for philosophical wisdom. Leo was as sumptuous in his feasts as ostentatious in his literary patronage. His table was more splendid than that of any preceding pontiff. A judge of wines and sauces was always a welcome guest. While in Italy, after Leo's death, I often met with persons who had lived at the pontifical table. I was amused at hearing their expressions of admiration of Leo, and of contempt of his successor. The simplicity of Hadrian was called meanness. That unostentatious Pope found that the treasury had been ruined by the prodigal Leo: economy in every

branch of expence was used by the new pontiff, and the tribe of dismissed parasites vented their rage in calumny. They even satirized Hadrian's German taste, which preferred beer to wine. In Leo's imperial establishment, there were at hundred gentlemen, whose sole duty it was to attend him occasionally on horseback. Hadrian made the sign of the cross when he heard of this instance of ostentation, and immediately reduced the number to twelve. He would have been contented with fewer; but it was necessary to preserve some superiority over the cardinals.

The only elegant relaxation of Leo was in music. He was himself a good musician, and used the great power of his station in encouraging the science. He promoted some men in the church, solely on account of the improvements which they made in the choral service. But his favorite amusement was the chase. The affairs of the papacy often were suspended for several days together, on account of his excessive devotion to this description of pleasure. The man who threw any interruption in the way of the chase was never pardoned. The close of a successful day of hunting, was the best time for soliciting a favor from the Pope. In many other parts of his conduct he was unclerical. By his command, the Mandragola of Machiavelli, and other comedies, lecentious and impious, were acted in the Vatican, for the amusement of himself and the cardinals. In his mode of performing the church service, so far from being the thirteenth apostle, as my learned countryman, Arsenius, called him, he often scandalised the orthodox. He was so little impressed with the sacredness of prayer, that he could put on his slippers and receive the crosier in the midst of the service; and yet on occasions of particular solemnity, he was able to assume a grace and majesty of manner, that well accorded with the pomp of Roman Catholic worship.

But I will dwell no longer upon these shades in the character of Leo. It is more gratifying to regard him as the friend of letters; and although I cannot, with the flatterers at the Vatican, consider him as the reviver of science, yet, after all the exceptions that may be made on account of his partialities, he will ever be revered as having sustained the literary reputation of Italy, and given fresh zeal to that ardour for knowledge which had for some ages been spreading over Europe.—*Travels of Theodore Ducos*.

From the Atlas.

CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.

In the Atlas of 14th November, we published a brief notice of doctrines and progress of the sect, at the head of which stands the Abbe Chatel. We now present a much more distinct and comprehensive account of this ecclesiastic and the "new Catholicism" which he teaches, and apparently with much acceptance. If the authority be credible—and it is that of a correspondent of one of the most respectable London Journals—the name of Religion is wholly prostituted by the *soi-disant* Churches, and we can scarcely wonder at the terms, almost of derision, which the writer employs in his narrative.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1832.

"The Revolution of July flung the French clergy into such excessive ill-humour with their flocks,—above all, with the Parisian population,—that the ecclesiastics showed their sulkiness in every possible way. They made mighty difficulties in christening or in burying; demanded *billets de confession* as a preliminary to marriage; and created a world of scandal by shutting their church doors against devout corpses. Some of the clergy thought fit to be less rigid, and were well received and rewarded for the same at Louis Philippe's court. Amongst others, the Abbe Chatel thought the liberal side of religious opinion the best to follow. He opened a chapel, said mass in French, threw off the authority of the Pope, and vowed, at the same time, that he was Catholic; and gave himself liberty to marry himself and others, *comme bon lui semblera*.

An accident gave to the Abbe Chatel's church great accession of importance. Clichy-la-Garonne, near Paris, is a good sized town and parish. The curate thereof was a hot-headed Carlist, legitimist, and ultra Montan. He would have no tricolour flag upon his church; he denounced the National Guard as a heathen and Jacobin institution; and withstood all injunctions to sing the *Domine, salvum fac Philippum regem*. He chid his congregation from the altar, and literally told them one Sunday, that 'they might all go and be —.'

The French are, in general, much of the mind of Pope's Sir Balaam, viz. are too busy to go to church themselves, but send their wives instead. The wives complained of having been disposed of so summarily by the dispenser of divine judgments; and the husbands took revenge by the still more summary proceeding of beating the curate out of the parish. They then, like God-fearing men, asked the Archbishop of Paris to send them another. The prelate refused to institute any other than the old—the Clichyites would have none of him—and this for five months the church of Clichy suffered a syncope. Wearied at length with the Archbishop's obstinacy, the parishioners betook themselves to the Abbe Chatel, who sent them one of his *cleves* for Cure. The mayor resisted his instalment in the church; but the municipal council outvoted the mayor—took possession of the church; and the entire population of Clichy declared themselves of the religion and followers of the Abbe Chatel. The

Cure styled himself such by the grace of God, and the election of the people.

The natural accidents of all human affairs ensued in these proceedings, viz. all parties committed blunders and absurdities. First, the Pope of Rome issued a Bull of excommunication against the Abbe Chatel—the most effectual puff in Europe,—I recommend it to Burlington Street,—and the Abbe's church overflowed in consequence. Upon this the Abbe set up for a Bishop, and put on a *violet rocket*—tantamount to our lawn sleeves. This was unfortunate, for the Abbe d'Auzon, cure of Clichy, scorned to take an inferior rank, and, relying on the dignity of an elect of the people, disclaimed the new bishop's supremacy. A schism was the consequence. D'Auzon kept Clichy, as well as the church upon the Boulevard; whilst Chatel retired to a very spacious barn in the Faubourg St. Martin, which he calls his *Eglise Primatiale*.

His curiosity led me, as well as hundreds,—nay, thousands, for it was full to suffocation. The form of worship was that of the Mass in French; and the music certainly excellent, but rather operatic. The Host had been but just elevated, when the band played the quadrilles of 'Robert le Diable.' This was somewhat inappropriate; but as every one seemed contented and delighted except myself, I repressed my salutary inclinations, and looked as devout as possible.

The Abbe's sermon was, however, the principal attraction; and as it had been announced as declaratory of his principles, I waited for it with impatience. Chatel is a stout, young, dark-haired man, florid and healthy, without any of that *maladive* air—the general concomitant of enthusiasm. There was nothing Irvingish about him: all seemed rational and calculated. He has a most powerful voice,—of very great effect with the French, who are easily fascinated with sound.

The sermon was a very rational one. He undertook to prove, that a belief in Christianity was not in the least incompatible with philosophy, even with Voltairianism. Miracles, creeds, dogmas, were all idle; and everything that was incomprehensible was nonsense. Protestants and Papists were alike a set of fanatics; since common sense could tolerate no more than a form of worship symbolical of nothing at all. He exposed with considerable felicity, the late tricks and miracles of the Jesuit party; he ridiculed the *Croix de Mignet*,—that attested miracle of the year 1826; and spoke of the Bible itself, it received literally, with disrespect. The end of the sermon was reserved for the purpose of showing how favourable the new system was to the development of liberty. Churchmen, he said, for the future, should never meddle with temporal affairs; but by leaving laics perfectly free to follow the impulse of *progres* and the tide of the *mouvement*, establish a creed and a church which would be in alliance with the people, as Catholicism had ever been in league with absolute power. On this argument he much insisted. 'You think to conquer Papism, because you despise it,' said he: 'you think, by remaining isolated and unbelieving, to combat a body that remains united and endowed with faith. Your hope is vain: it will outlive you—it will conquer you, unless, like it, you also unite, form a congregation against it, and an antagonist creed, that may defy the traditions of Popery.'

Such was the doctrine I heard expounded to an admiring audience; and it disgusted me. I understand *scepticism*, and I understand *belief*; but a *juste milieu* betwixt things that suffer no medium, is contemptible. It struck me, that the only foundation of the Abbe Chatel's religion was *clap-trap*, and as such I made it my bow.

GERMAN OBITUARIES.—Our German friends are in the habit of publicly announcing the demise of their near relatives with a tribute to their memory. In how poetical a fashion this is sometimes done, take the following—which we have pilfered to the very letter from a Rhenish paper—in proof:—"The *inmost feelings* of my adored husband went to sleep, quietly and happily, on the 16th instant. The extent of my suffering none know better than myself: nor my present condition, nor the *stagnation of business*,—much less the *dead weight*, which altogether strains my loins. He, the dear departed, Frederick M—, was my husband, every inch of him; he was partner in all the afflictions of life with myself; and I wish, therefore, every one as *speedy and happy* an end as his. To enjoy the folly of life with *graoaning of the Spirit*,—this is what I call *virtue* and *understanding*; patience and wakefulness, and melancholy and ecstasy, and to build the mansion of peace in one's own bosom, are ten thousand times more costly possessions than gold or virtue. Our business will not *hitch*; and I will do my utmost as a *widow*."—*Lond. Ath.*

GAS WORKS.—Last winter a Transport that filled her water at Deptford, on arriving at Cork to embark troops, was obliged to start and refill nearly all her casks at the instance of the medical officer embarked, and there is ample reason to fear that Thames water, once so celebrated, has of late undergone a change baneful to the health of those who are confined to its use in the preparation of their daily food. From the Gas Works are daily poured into the river large quantities of ammonia, and that this addition injuriously affects the water may be inferred from the fact, that since the establishment of that method of lighting the metropolis, some kinds of fish have nearly disappeared from between London and Gravesend.—*United Service Journal*.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die,
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day;
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true one—
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go,
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have given with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumper to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his feet speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die,
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride posthaste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathe! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly one o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die,
Old year: we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin;
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes! tie up his chin!
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door. *Tennyson.*

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT.

"The pretensions of the Irish to an antiquity more remote than that of other Europeans, and their claims of being descended from the most powerful and enlightened of the eastern nations, have been attacked and defended with a zeal and vigour beyond the laws of literary controversy. In this contest, the cause of Irish history has suffered far more from the extravagant claims of its advocates, than from the fiercest assaults of its opponents. The suspicious particularity of the more remote incidents, and the still more suspicious coincidence of the epochs with the received system of chronology, are gravely quoted as proofs of genuine antiquity, while, in fact, they are decisive evidences of falsification. The materials from whence the historians have compiled their narratives, were the songs of the bards, the genealogies of the sennachies, and the popular legends current in their day; and it is manifest that such records must have been replete with errors and defects, and above all things, must have contained little or no reference to dates or eras. The monks of Ireland, in the middle ages, seem to have surpassed their brethren of Britain in the art of fabricating history. The latter went no higher than the days of Brut the Trojan; but the former boldly ascended to the days of Adam, and brought his granddaughter to Ireland with a numerous colony, before the primitive race had yet degenerated into crime. The intervention of the deluge might have been supposed to throw some difficulties in the way of this hopeful legend; but for this a remedy was easily provided—one fortunate individual was saved in the western world, to relate the circumstances of that great event to the next band of colonists who arrived in the country. The new settlers could boast of an origin equally illustrious; they were Greeks under the guidance of Partholanus, whose genealogy from Noah is traced with edifying accuracy. After this, several new tribes arrive from places equally illustrious; but their fame is absorbed in the superior glory of the Milesian colony, whose arrival in Ireland is dated previous to the Argonautic expedition; that is, before Greece had a traditional history! The history of the Milesians before their arrival in Ireland is detailed at length in the Irish legends. They were, it appears, a Phenician branch of the vast Scythic nation, to which the greatest revolutions in ancient and modern times have been generally ascribed. Phenius, the chief legislator of the tribe, having invented letters, and some important arts of civilized life, acquired great fame in the neighbouring nations, and the Egyptian king sent ambassadors to his court. Nial the son of Phenius, progenitor of the O'Neill family, was sent with a numerous train to return the compliment, and so highly pleased Pharaoh, that he obtained his daughter in marriage, and a fertile tract on the banks of the Egyptian river as her dowry. From him the river Nile takes its name; and from him Egypt derived all that knowledge which in subsequent ages entitled her to be named the parent of civilization. Shortly after this the Exodus occur-

red; and the Phenicians treated the departing Israelites with so much generosity, that the silence of Moses on the subject is perfectly unaccountable. The Egyptians who survived the calamity of the Red Sea were indignant at the kindness shown to the Israelites. They expelled the Phenicians from their territories; and, after a long course of wandering, in which they successively established themselves in Crete, in Africa, and in Spain, they at last landed in Erin, bringing to that favoured country the knowledge letters, and the elements of civilization, long before Greece emerged from barbarism, or Italy received the arts of social life. When attempts are made to impose such a wild romance as this on the world for history, it is no wonder that the whole mass of the Irish annals should be rejected with disgust, and that the few important truths which are mixed up with a mass of similar fictions, should share in the merited condemnation such legends must inevitably meet.

There is really no authentic history of Ireland before the introduction of Christianity into the country; but there are some genuine traditions which appear to be based in truth, because they accord with and explain the peculiar customs which were found to prevail in the island at the time of the English invasion. These traditions declare, that the original Celtic inhabitants were subdued by an Asiatic colony, or at least by the descendants of some Eastern people, at some remote period: they aver, that the conquerors were as inferior to the original inhabitants in numbers, as they were superior in military discipline and the arts of social life: they describe the conquest as a work of time and trouble; and assert, that, after its completion, an hereditary monarchy and an hereditary aristocracy were for the first time established in Ireland. It has been judiciously remarked by Faber, that, 'in the progress of the human mind, there is an invariable tendency, not to introduce into an undisturbed community a palpable difference between lords and serfs, instead of a legal equality of rights; but to abolish such difference by enfranchising the serfs. Hence, from the universal experience of history, we may be sure that, whenever this distinction is found to exist, the society must be composed of two races of men differing from each other in point of origin.' We shall soon show that such a distinction prevailed in Ireland; and shall now only add, that the original difference between the successive settlers in the country is not even yet effaced. The blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fair complexion of the peasantry on the eastern coast and in the midland districts, show that they are a different race from the dark-visaged, black-haired inhabitants of the south-western counties. Besides the uniform tradition that the Milesian colonists were of Asiatic origin, there are many customs still preserved in Ireland, plainly derived from some Eastern source. The forms of salutation, the Beltane fires manifestly derived from the former prevalence of solar worship, and the feasting and cries at funerals, so completely coincide with the descriptions of Asiatic manners given by all travellers ancient and modern, that it is difficult to refuse assent to the traditional account of the Milesian origin. Those unaccountable edifices, the round towers of Ireland, are frequently quoted in proof of this theory; and certainly the most plausible account given of them is, that they were erected for the purpose of fire-worship. But this is a subject involved in hopeless obscurity, and cannot consequently afford much additional strength to our previous arguments."

THE EARL OF KILDARE.

"While the Geraldines were smarting under these wrongs, an adventurer, claiming to be Richard Duke of York, son of Edward IV., arrived in Cork. This is not the place to examine the validity of Perkin Warbeck's claims. It is difficult to prove that he was the Prince; it is equally difficult to demonstrate that he was an impostor; on the whole, the present writer inclines to believe that his pretensions were well founded. Warbeck wrote from Cork to the Earls of Kildare and Desmond; he was cheerfully recognized by the latter; but before Kildare could decide on the part he should take, the adventurer was summoned to the French court, and immediately accepted the invitation. The King sent for Walter, the lord-deputy, to inquire into the state of a country that seemed at every moment ripe for revolution; and after some deliberation he resolved to confide the administration of Ireland to Sir Edward Poynings, a knight of distinguished ability. He was sent over to Ireland with an army of one thousand men. Several of the best English lawyers accompanied him, to fill the offices of judges; for those who then occupied the bench were notorious for their incapacity, and owed their elevation to the favour of parties."

A. D. 1494.—The administration of Sir Edward Poynings forms a new era in the history of Ireland. For the first time, the government began to manifest the fixed intention of breaking down the enormous power of the barons, and restraining within proper limits a factious oligarchy, which frequently insulted the sovereign, and always oppressed the people. The first military enterprise of the lord-deputy was against the northern sept of O'Hanlons, whose incursions had been very frequent and injurious. The difficulties of the country rendered the superior forces of the English useless; and Poynings would have been forced to retire in disgrace had not the rashness of the Geraldines furnished him with an honourable pretext for withdrawing. The brother of the Earl of Kildare seized on the castle of Carlow, and garrisoned it with his own retainers. Kildare was immediately arrested on suspicion; and the deputy, advancing to Carlow, soon forced the castle to surrender.

Warbeck now made a second descent on Ireland,

and was openly assisted by the Earl of Desmond, but being defeated before Waterford, the unhappy adventurer fled to the King of Scotland. The Butlers thought this an excellent opportunity to crush their great rival the Earl of Kildare. They importuned the deputy to imitate the example of Tiptoft, and consign him to the executioner. But Poynings was too wise and too good to listen to these treacherous suggestions. He refused their solicitations, and sent the Earl to England to answer for his conduct in presence of his sovereign.

The emissaries of the Butlers were not idle in the court of Henry. They besieged the king with all manner of calumnies and accusations against the accused: but they were not a little confounded when Henry directed that the Earl should be brought to confront his accusers. Great was the King's astonishment to behold, instead of a crafty conspirator, a frank, blunt soldier, of manners so simple that they bordered on rudeness, and of a demeanor so easy and confident, that it could only be supported by conscious innocence. Henry advised the Earl to provide himself with able counsel. 'Yea,' replied Kildare, grasping the King by the hand, 'I choose the ablest in the realm: I take your highness to be my counsel against these false knaves.' Gratified by this rude compliment to his equity and discernment, Henry looked with favour on the accused, and coldly listened to the long catalogue of suspicions and surmises which his adversaries brought forward. The charge of treason was decisively refuted, the greater part of the others were found to be frivolous and vexatious; at length the accusers alleged that he had sacrilegiously burned the church of Cashel. 'Spare your evidence,' exclaimed Kildare, 'I did burn the church, for I thought the bishop had been in it.' This extraordinary justification produced a shout of laughter, which threw ridicule over the whole proceeding. Driven almost to despair, the accusers exclaimed, 'All Ireland cannot govern this Earl.'—'Well, then,' replied Henry, 'he shall govern all Ireland!'—and forthwith he appointed him lord-deputy."

TREATY OF LIMERICK.

"Two days after the treaty was signed, the French fleet arrived off the coast, bringing reinforcements and military stores more than sufficient to have turned the tide of victory. It was manifestly the interest of Ginckle to have the treaty ratified before the arrival of the French; and the Irish negotiators are blamed for having so far played their enemy's game as to have allowed the ratification to be hurried. They were, however, influenced by a desire for peace. They felt that if the French landed the war must be continued; and they feared that the effect of victory would be to make their country a province of France."

On the 4th of October, Talmash, at the head of five British regiments, occupied the English town of Limerick; and on the following day the Irish army was paraded on King's Island, in order that they might choose between the service of England and France. Ginckle and Sarsfield addressed them in different proclamations; the former recommending William, the latter Louis as a master. It was then agreed that on the ensuing morning the army should be paraded, and marched past a flag which had been fixed at a given point. Those who chose England were to file to the left; those who preferred France were to march on.

The sun, perhaps, scarcely ever rose on a more interesting spectacle than was exhibited on King's Island when the morning for the decision of the Irish soldiery arrived. The men paraded at an early hour; the chaplains said mass, and preached each a sermon at the head of their regiments. The Catholic bishops then went through the lines, blessing the troops as they passed. They were received with military honours, rendered more imposing by the affectionate devotion which the native Irish have ever shown to their prelates. After this ceremony refreshments were distributed to the troops, and a message sent to Ginckle and the lords-justices that 'all was ready.' The Irish army, fifteen thousand strong, received the British cortege with presented arms. The lords-justices and the generals rode slowly through their lines, and declared that they had never seen a finer body of men. Adjutant-general Withers then addressed them in an excellent speech, recommending the English service in very forcible terms; after which the army broke into column, and the word 'March' was given.

The walls of the town were covered with citizens; the neighbouring hills were crowded with the peasantry of Clare and Limerick; the deputies of three kings stood near the flag; but when the decisive word was given the deepest silence reigned through the vast and varied multitude, and not a sound was heard but the heavy tread of the advancing battalions. The column was headed by the Irish guards fourteen hundred strong, a regiment that had excited Ginckle's warmest admiration. They marched past the flag, and seven men only ranged themselves on the side of England. The next two regiments were the Ulster Irish, and they all filed to the left. Their example, however, was not generally followed; the greatest part of the remainder declared in favour of France. A similar scene took place at the cavalry-camp; and out of the whole, Ginckle only obtained about one thousand horse and fifteen hundred foot. So little pleased was he with this result, that he was inclined to pick a quarrel with the Irish leaders; and the treaty would have been broken almost as soon as signed but for the presence of the French fleet, which forced the English authorities to suppress their resentment.

On the 12th of October the Irish cavalry that had chosen the service of France passed through Limerick, on their way to Cork from Clare. This gallant body had been the darling and the pride of the Irish during

this eventful war, and their departure was viewed with deep and bitter regret. The citizens assembled to bid them a final farewell; but their hearts died within them; a few faint cheers, as faintly answered, spoke the sadness as well as the depth of their mutual affection. Tears and blessings accompanied them to the Water-gate; and when the last file had passed out, a deep groan burst from the citizens of Limerick, who felt that their national hope was now destroyed. The infantry followed in a few days; but their numbers were greatly thinned by desertion before they reached the place of embarkation. There are no persons so strongly attached to their native soil as the Irish peasants. Those who have witnessed the administration of justice at the assizes well know that transportation is more dreaded than hanging by the criminals who stand at an Irish bar. It is not wonderful, therefore, that many, after the momentary excitement was over, should repent of their determination, and resolve to stay in the land of their affections. The reluctance to embark was greatly increased by the accounts which were received from France of the reception given to the first divisions. Louis was enraged at the termination of a war which employed so large a portion of the forces of his great enemy; and though his own niggardliness in sending supplies, and the long delay of reinforcements, was the chief cause of the evil, he unjustly vented his resentment on those who had voluntarily chosen his service. No quarters were assigned to the troops; the regiments were broken up, the officers reduced to inferior ranks, and the generals excluded from the court. This disgraceful treatment was not, however, long continued. In a few years the Irish brigades were deservedly esteemed the most valuable part of the French army."

William, as soon as the treaty had been signed removed his foreign regiments from the country, but not before they had been guilty of several fresh excesses. A large sum of money was given them, as a compensation for the plunder which they resigned; and they departed amid the joint execrations of Catholics and Protestants. In a few days, the tranquillity of the country was perfectly restored.

CONCLUSION.

"With the Union our brief view of Ireland's history terminates. Since that period, with the exception of Robert Emmett's attempt to raise a revolt, which was crushed almost in a moment, there has been nothing in Ireland that could properly be called a civil war. Agrarian insurrections against local grievances and oppressions still occur, which have been hitherto met only by the old remedy of coercive measures; but there is every ground for a confident hope, that the great engine of power for the redress of evils, accumulated through centuries of misrule, will, ere long, be brought forward by a liberal and enlightened administration—that engine, to use the powerful words of Grattan, 'which the pride of the bigot, nor the spite of the zealot, nor the ambition of the high-priest, nor the arsenal of the conqueror, nor the Inquisition, with its jaded rack and pale criminal never thought of—the engine which, armed with physical and moral blessing, comes forth and overlays mankind by services—the engine of redress.' The complete pacification of Ireland, and the application of its resources, to ensure the happiness and prosperity of its people, must be a work of time; but the prospect is bright with promise, and almost consoles us for the afflictions, calamities, and oppressions of which we have now concluded the painful retrospect."

Much surprise has been expressed by those unacquainted with Ireland, that the concession of emancipation in 1829 has not been followed by the immediate tranquillization of Ireland; those who have read the preceding pages can scarcely feel any wonder on the subject. The exclusive laws produced many evil consequences not specially mentioned in their enactments; and perhaps it would not be too much to say that greater calamities resulted from their indirect than their direct operation. They aggravated and perpetuated the abominable system of land letting, which has been the greatest source of the evils that afflicted the wretched island—a system that has led the landlord to exult in his tenant's misery, and the tenant, not unjustly, to regard his landlord as a tyrant. The Irish parliament, during the period of its mischievous existence, passed laws by the hundred to arm the lords of the soil with fresh power; but not one single enactment appears on their records for securing to the cultivator any share in the profits of his industry. An Irish landlord, so far from rejoicing in the prosperity of his tenant, would asseverate that each additional comfort was obtained from his own pocket, and at once demand an increase of rent. Hence the peasant continues a pauper, because poverty is his surest shield and protection; and hence he is ever ready to join the wildest scheme of rustic insurrection, because no change in his circumstances could be for the worse. Legislators have as yet disregarded those whom both Catholics and Protestants oppress—the labouring population; and until a change in the entire system, not only of law but of custom, takes place in the relations between Irish landlords and Irish tenants, the country must remain a prey to misery and distraction."

The patriots of 1796, '97, and '98, had not the power of 'wielding at will the fierce democracy' possessed by the agitators of the present day; but they had a better and more consistent view of the remedies that their country needed. It would be folly to deny that we do not accord the confidence to the political unions we would have given to the societies of United Irishmen. Personal motives, private pique, and petty objects of ambition, are too often conspicuous in the debates of the present men of the people; with them

we find no traces of any fixed and definite plan for ameliorating the condition of the peasantry, and rendering the resources of the country available for the support of its inhabitants. The great original objects of the United Irishmen have been achieved,—reform, emancipation, and a re-modelling of the church establishment; but the struggle for these objects generated feelings that will take a long time ere they subside, and led to an insecurity and uncertainty in property that cannot easily be remedied. Still, the signs of improvement are discernible; the Orange orgies are the theme of ridicule from Derry to Cape Clear; the old ferocious oligarchy is stripped of its power; the press has established an efficient control over the magistracy; and justice is no longer denied to the poor man. More, much more remains to be done; but we perceive in the English of the present day an anxiety to atone for the misdeeds of their forefathers; they have discovered how grossly they have been deceived by Tory liars both as to Ireland and America; and they leave these wretched panders to the worst of national passions to obtain their reward from those whom no experience can teach, and no instruction enlighten."

NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Hamet, a Syrian and a philosopher, who saw much in the operations of Nature to puzzle and confound his speculations, while wandering with a Pilgrim narrowly escaped with his life in Abyssinia. When his retreat was made good from his persecutors, he could not but admire the scene around him, nor yet, in accordance with his principles, refrain from asking, "What in the name of wisdom could have planted such a spot among the brutes of Abyssinia?" The Pilgrim, busied in preparing food and a shelter for the night, advised him to let the question settle itself; and Hamet, indignant as he was at the defects of nature, partook of the supper and laid himself down to rest.

"A roar, like that of the deepest thunder, roused him. The hurricane had come; the sky was a sheet of fire; the valley a vast torrent; the clouds that lay on the mountains, had suddenly discharged their contents, and the inundation had poured down from a thousand streams, into the lake at the entrance of the defile. In the utter and bewildering terror of the moment, Hamet was on the point of making a step forward, which would have plunged him headlong into the cataract, when he found himself caught by the vigorous grasp of his friend, dragged to the shelter of the rock, and there protected against the tremendous bursts of wind, that tore up the trees like chaff. Day broke at last, but it was sullen and sunless, and the scene below was worthy of the lowering and melancholy sky. 'And is this the work of a single night?' exclaimed Hamet, as he looked from the rising ground where the Pilgrim had wisely fixed his station. 'Leave Nature to her own performances, and come to breakfast,' said the Pilgrim. But Hamet, feeling an undisguised contempt for the man who could think of any thing but the atrocities of Nature, at such a time, pushed forward to lay hold of the trunk of a mighty cedar, whose gnarled stem and spreading boughs seemed to have hid defiance to centuries. Grasping a large branch, he proceeded to look down the devastated valley. The attempt was ill-timed. While he was contemplating the general havoc of the tempest, with a double conviction of the malignity of nature, the torrent had been sweeping away the clay, from which the roots of the ponderous tree had sucked freshness for three hundred years. The moment of his grasp was the moment in which the last ounce of clay scattered its yellowness over the raging waters; his impulse completed the catastrophe: down went the cedar, with a fearful crash, and down with it went Hamet, with an outcry of agony, heard through the wildest roarings of the storm. He had no time to utter another; on he swept, the branches of the huge tree served him as a ship, and kept him afloat, but he was half choked, half blinded, and half drowned, by the foam, the spray, and the weight of the boiling surge. As he cast his last despairing glance upward, he saw the Pilgrim standing safely, but in great astonishment on the summit of the precipice, gazing at his terrible progress. But a turn of the valley soon hid him, and he was now alone. He never had felt so total a sensation of terror before. The rapidity of the torrent increased every instant. All around, above, and below him, was fierce and dizzy motion. The banks seemed flying back to right and left; the promontories appeared for an instant, and glanced by; the trees, the scattered huts of the peasantry, the marble peaks, seemed to have been suddenly winged—all shot back from him; the very sky seemed to have joined the universal whirl, and to roll away with the swiftness of the earth. But, while he began to think that he should thus be hurled onward, like a bubble on the waters, for ever, a sudden change occurred; the noise of the torrent died away; the huge, fretted surges sank; the torrent grew broad, silent, and placid. Still it swept on as rapidly as before; but the breadth, the silence, and the placidity increased. The movement was lulling, almost pleasing; and Hamet, still clinging to the tree, felt almost an inclination to sleep. The sun, still clouded, yet with an occasional gleam over the waters; and the wind was utterly hushed. But in the midst of this strange tranquillity, a low murmur, like the shaking of the forest leaves in autumn, began to be heard; it deepened every moment; it sounded, by degrees, like the tread of multitudes, like the roar of multitudes, like the growling of thunder, like the tumult and burst of the whirlwind, like all together. At length the unfortunate Moslem felt the current receive a momentary check, and felt in that check a keener sense of undoing

than in the wildest rapidity of the flood. But the check was at an end; with a roar as if the mountains had split asunder, the whole mighty mass of the torrent plunged into a gulf, at an invisible depth below. Hamet and his protecting tree were torn asunder, and with a sensation of unspeakable horror, he felt himself rushing down the precipice of waters.

A feeling of sickness and pain awoke him. He was lying on the bank under a ledge of rock, and with the Pilgrim standing over him, and endeavouring to bring back life into his limbs. 'You see, friend Hamet,' said he, 'that Nature is not to be meddled with on some occasions; and that in times of tempest, it is better to take whatever refuge we can, than to find fault too closely with things as they are.' But Hamet's philosophy was too firm to give way to this taunt; and, feeble as he was, he broke out with an angry query as to the possible good of sweeping away trees, cottages, and cattle, by deluges of rain-water; the necessity of tearing away the soil which might be cultivated for the purposes of human enjoyment, and the final object of hurling innocent men down cataracts a thousand feet high.

'There is good in all things,' coolly observed the Pilgrim, 'if we know where to look for it.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Hamet, 'as the prey is good for the lion, the carcass for the vulture, and the battle for the lover of blood. But if I had the power of Providence, this tempest should have never been.'

Night closed over the discussion, in which he still angrily argued that all evil was the result of a malignant principle; and that especially thunder-storms, torrents, and cataracts, should be expunged from the book of Nature.

It was morning when Hamet heard the Pilgrim's voice rousing him from his couch of leaves. He opened his eyes with astonishment—the landscape seemed to be totally changed. He gazed round—the evidences of the change were still stronger every moment. He had gone to rest in a region of mountains—cliffs of marble, of vast height, had shot up to the heavens—forests, as ancient as the earth, had waved their thick and shadowy verdure above his head—a bright, vivid, and powerful stream had rushed through the shades, springing from rock to rock with bursts of foam, that looked like showers of silver—the soil was uncultured, and lay in the original richness of the virgin world. All was silence, except when it was broken by the scream of the eagle, or the fitful gush of the waterfall. But now every spot on which he looked was teeming with existence. The hand of man was every where. The land was level as a vast meadow, intersected by small canals, for the conveyance of a great central stream to gardens innumerable spread over its banks, and each garden loaded with fruits, herbs, and flowers. Vast fields were waving on every side with produce of the richest kinds—the high roads were magnificent, and crowded with people. The central stream flowed along in gentle beauty through a long vista of arbours, meadows, and corn fields. Hamet's astonishment and delight long kept him dumb. 'Here,' he broke out at last, 'here, at least, is no demon working capricious evil to man. But how came we here? This is not Abyssinia. What benignant power has led us into this delicious land? Here, at least, are no deluges, no tornadoes, no cataracts.'

'You ask too many questions for one tongue to answer at once,' said the Pilgrim, with a smile. 'But one thing I shall tell you, that by whatever means you have come here, you have come here to little purpose if you do not discover, that hitherto you have talked very like a philosopher without brains.' This plain mode of speech had nearly overthrown Hamet's philosophy;—but friendship is sacred among the Moslems. He silently withdrew his hand from his Damascus dagger; but his wrath could not be staid so easily, and he set forward sullenly towards the gates of a distant city, that rose boldly against the splendid sunbeams of an African dawn.

As he advanced, however, he saw that the signs of public happiness were not without their shade. He observed great numbers of people gathering towards particular points on the river side, and looking anxiously at some pillars which were on the margin.—Still the farther he advanced, he found the groups more anxious, the murmurings deeper, and at last cries of fear, anxiety, and despair, issuing from every assemblage. He enquired the cause.

'The cause!' said the hollow-eyed Magrebin, to whom he had put the question. 'Have you eyes? Look at the river; it has fallen half a foot within the last twelve hours, when we expected it to rise half a fathom. But where were you born, not to know, that upon the inundation of the Nile depends the existence of Egypt; and that the inundation depends upon the rains in Abyssinia?'

Hamet was conscience-struck by the recollection of his wishes, and his change of countenance caught the jealous glance of the Magrebin. 'But, friend, who are you?' he asked. 'We have been told the magicians of Abyssinia have power to stop the rains, whenever they take it into their heads to do mischief to the countries of the plain. Now I strongly suspect from your questions that you are one of that accursed brood; and if so by the beard of my fathers, you shall never leave this spot alive.' The Magrebin drew his dagger at the word. Hamet protested against this menace, but protested in vain. The Magrebin could not reason, but he could strike; and nothing but Hamet's dexterity, or the fortunate thickness of his cloak, saved him from the stab of the vindictive savage. The cloak entangled the weapon, and the philosopher, wresting it from his assailant's hands threw it far into the Nile. The baffled Magrebin, more than ever convinced that he was dealing

with a necromancer, turned and fled with a wild outcry. Hamet, angry with man, and disgusted with nature, hurried on to reach the city, whose gates were now shining in the western sun.

He found the people gathered at the entrance full of still more anxious conjectures on the cause of the falling river; but the dagger had taught him its lesson, and he passed on to the place of rest for strangers without uttering a word. But the streets were full of wonderers, murmurers, and questioners. The fall of the Nile, the guilt of the magicians who caused the failure of the rains among the mountains, and the inevitable famine that must ensue, were the universal theme. By day-break the murmurs grew into fury, and the discontent assumed the form of open violence; the river had continued to fall, and the hopes of the coming season were at an end; the labours of tens and hundreds of thousands were thus doomed to be in vain. The populace, already prepared for any violence, attempted to assault the public granaries. The troops of the governor were ordered out to repel them, and blood was shed. Day by day those scenes of riot, wrath, and despair, continued to increase, for it was now announced, that by the total fall of the river the harvest was hopelessly ruined. By degrees the truth transpired in the wild and haggard countenances of the people. The seizure of the granaries, in the original impulse of popular violence, made all remedies impossible. There was neither corn nor oil, neither herb nor fruit, in the land. Famine produced its natural effects, in blind fury, hideous suffering, ferocious outrage, silent decay. Thousands and tens of thousands died day by day. The only refuge from the agony of hunger was the grave. Yet even the grave was scarce an asylum from the ravening hunger of the living. But famine was not long left to its solitary work. Pestilence, its natural companion, followed close upon its steps. The most frightful form of all that Death takes among mankind, the Plague, now began to spread among the population. It first seized upon the worn out victims of hunger—it consumed those remnants of human life—but its wings soon overshadowed the whole land. Its poison spread among the opulent, the noble, the cautious, the selfish,—all who, by despising the wants of the lower ranks, or by engrossing their subsistence, seemed to have placed themselves beyond the reach of human evil.

The pestilence made its way among them with impartial fury. Thousands who reckoned on their exemption from all the common chances of mortality, were approached in their chambers, were seized in their palaces, by an enemy which no guard could keep out; and the mighty were stretched beside the menial, the prince mouldered on the same spot with the slave who had watched his dying agony. Another evil grew. The survivors of those fearful scenes, maddened by terror, and inflamed by the native superstitions of the land, now sought to discover the sources of the national calamity. They were long baffled. The air was serene, the sun rose in grandeur, and set in beauty, as of old; there was no flight of locusts to destroy the grain, and corrupt the atmosphere; but the river was reduced to a shallow pool. A catastrophe which had not occurred for a thousand years before, could not be attributed to any work of Nature. Man must have been the instrument, and man in preternatural malignity and power.

Hamet had lingered in the city from the beginning of the tremendous visitation, through mere perplexity and horror of mind. Where to go he knew not. The land was covered with death, or with life in its most repulsive, startling, and ferocious forms. The cities were tombs, the highways were dens of robbers, the fields were the perpetual scene of agony, riot, and rapine. Crimes which in other times would have awakened the horror, or roused the vengeance of the community, were now wrought in the face of day. Men were openly tortured and slain, yet no one asked why, or attempted to pursue the murderers. The spirit of fiends was abroad, and the fair and fruitful land was now on the verge of becoming a desert or a dungeon. At length, conscious that he could not long survive the bitter privations, and still more preying terrors, which were exhausting his frame and hindering him, he determined to escape. For this purpose, covering his head with his cloak, he set forth from the miserable land in which he had taken up his abode. He reached the city gate unmolested. All round him there was mortality; death had closed the eye of the vigilant, and withered the arm of the strong. But as he was on the point of passing through the high portal whose noble sculptures of living things seemed to mock the mass of dead that lay heaped beneath, he found his robe caught by a feeble hand, and his ear arrested by a groan. The cloak fell from his face. He turned; the hand that had seized him was thrust out from a heap of corpses, but he recognized the countenance of the Magrebin; the slave was at the last gasp, but he collected his dying voice to bring public vengeance on the head of the unfortunate fugitive. He, too, had recognized the countenance, and he proclaimed him to be a necromancer, the son of evil, by whom the national ruin had been effected; the criminal above all criminals by whom the clouds of Abyssinia had been held back upon the mountains, the salutary winds driven into the wastes of Ethiopia; and thus for the guilty caprice or desperate malice of a single worker of forbidden spells, the myriads of the land had been devoted to death in all kinds of miseries. Hamet was speechless at the accusation. The fierce energy of the dying African, which seemed to the bystanders to have been given in his last hour, for the express detection of guilt almost too terrible to be named, wrought a strange and shadowy impression of its truth upon his mind. The thought, rapid as

lightning, shot upon him, that to his hasty and rash condemnation of the course of nature, something at least of the evil might be due. The more, too, he thought of the extraordinary character of his companion in the mountains, his vigour, subtlety, and sarcastic scorn of man and human wisdom; the power by which he seemed gifted to master all difficulty, escape all casualty, and turn all minds to his purpose; the more he felt a conviction that the Pilgrim was either a magician possessed of the highest qualities of his art, or a being, whether good or evil, of a rank beyond that of the treaders on this earth. He recollected, too, the piercing glance, the noble form, the evident majesty of look and mind, that all his simple habits could not disguise. The thought, too, came with double force, of the singular rapidity of their journey from the mountains to the plain, from the wild fountains and roaring tempests of the Abyssinian solitudes, to the smooth stream and perpetual serenity of the land of the Nile.

He even began to conceive, that, to punish his inventive, this being had actually checked the descent of the waters. His palpable confusion answered all the purposes of an acknowledgement of his guilt; the multitude, always delighted with a spectacle, and now doubly delighted with the triumph of their sagacity, and the gratification of their revenge, seized on him at once, trampled the dying Magrebin out of the world, in their haste to execute the law, and dragged the unfortunate philosopher to a pile where they were burning the bodies of the dead. It was in vain that, as the love of life instinctively returned to him at the moment when he was in the extreme hazard of losing it, he protested against this act of sweeping injustice. No eloquence of human lips would have been heard at that hour; they had made up their minds, and were not to be disappointed of a display; national vengeance must be done. He struggled, and now struggled boldly, but what were the sinews of one man to the fury of a rabble, mad with fanaticism, bitter with famine, and exulting in having discovered the supposed author of all their injuries? Hamet was forced, step by step, to the edge of the pile. He was already bound, and about to be flung into the centre of the consuming mass of dead, when he heard a voice calling out authoritatively to the people, to wait until more wood should be brought, and the flame raised to a pitch worthy of the crimes of a dealer in magic. The call was obeyed. The crowd paused. Hamet, in measureless disgust with all that bore the name of his species, recognized the Pilgrim in the voice which thus proposed to augment his tortures. He looked round, the Pilgrim was at his side.

'Why did you leave me at the moment when I was going on a most interesting journey?' said he, addressing the fettered man. 'Was it to enjoy the pleasure of seeing how much better you and I might settle the world, than those who have hitherto managed its affairs?'

'Hamet could answer only by a gesture of abhorrence.

'Ah, this is the true style of philosophy!' said the Pilgrim, standing before him, and giving him one of those glances that had formerly awed and penetrated his soul. 'But unless you wish to be burned alive, listen. I bring you news from Abyssinia. The same spell which checked the stream from the hills, has let them loose again. Proclaim this news to the people, and pass for a prophet as well as a magician.'

Hamet found himself at once animated by a love of life, and a conviction that the news was true. He called aloud to the multitude, and offered to undergo ten thousand burnings, if before evening the land were not cooled, purified, and irrigated, from one end to the other. The novelty of the offer struck some, the effrontery of the criminal amused others, the folly of the conception raised the scorn of a third party, the utter impossibility of the event engrossed the arguments of a fourth—but all paused. The hours were away in the general conflict of opinion. But, at the moment when the advocates for burning a magician at any rate were carrying the day, a rushing sound was heard from the south; a gleam of yellow flashed over the horizon; a gusty wind, tearing up the sands of the desert, blew chill upon the parched crowd; a pale vapour, skirting the sky, rapidly darkened and rose to the centre of the vault, that had till now worn an untinged blue of the deepest vividness. Clouds on clouds now began to roll up like marching armies; rain, a phenomenon the most unusual in the land, began to fall in the huge drops of a thunder-shower.

At length a sound which extinguished and absorbed all the minor echoes of the earth and heaven, suspended every sense in awe. The sound swelled; it came on like the roar of thunder. An outcry was heard from the distant multitudes. The sound still increased, till down came, in a vast torrent of dashing surge and brown foam, the new stream of the mountains. The Nile, reinforced by this powerful augmentation, rose instantly, and spread over the land. All was mixed and wild emotion through the land; all glad astonishment, joyful flight, and grateful terror, along the range of its replenished course. Still, the mighty stream swept along exultingly, bounding over banks, fences, and all the temporary landmarks of the soil. The impurity, the desolation, the national misery, were covered from the human eye by the splendid stream, and their remembrance was lost in the more splendid hope of future fertility.

'You may now be a hero, or a prince, with those people,' said the Pilgrim; 'their madness has turned, like their ruin, and the whole history of lucky ambition is but that of taking things at the turn of the stream.'

His words found speedy confirmation in the applause of the multitude, who came rushing round him with the homage due to a superior being.

"Be a king, friend Hamet," whispered the Pilgrim; "you will find it a much easier thing than to be a philosopher."

Consistencies.—Cobbett in his Register spoke thus of Tom Paine:—"Paine was a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian. The wretch was all his life employed in leading fool-astay from their duty: and as nothing is more easy he has often succeeded. The 'Age of Reason' is a wild incoherent blasphemy of a wretch, whom disappointment and hunger had driven to despair, and who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even Eunuch, for a biscuit extraordinary, or even a bundle of straw. His 'Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance' is of equal merit. It is extremely favorable for British bank-notes, that he who doubts their solidity will not believe in the Bible. He wrote to save his ugly uncombed head from the guillotine. Paine has done all the mischief he can in the world; and whether his carcass is at last to be suffered to rot in the earth or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence."—Cobbett in his Register spoke thus of Tom Paine:—"Amongst the pleasures which I promise myself, is that of seeing the name of Paine honored in every part of England. We will honour his name, his remains, and his memory in all sorts of ways. The tomb of this Noble of Nature will be an object of pilgrimage with the people."—*Quære.* Can any one tell what have become of the bones of that unfortunate negro whose remains Cobbett was, a few years ago, so desirous of palming upon the enlightened public as the "carcase of that cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous villain, Paine?" Do they rot in the earth, or are they dried in the air? But it is of very little consequence—at least to any except the owner.—*Eng. pap.*

One of our late English papers furnishes the following acceptable information:

The report of the 'Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,' for the year 1832, has just been published, and we are much gratified at learning that, notwithstanding the difficulty and pressure of the times, its resources continued unimpaired, and its operations have been considerably enlarged. Its income in the present year has amounted to 66,269*l.* 10*s.* and its expenditure to nearly the same sum. The number of books and tracts circulated during the year has amounted to 1,715,323, being a considerable increase over the year preceding. In this number are included 129,756 Bibles and Testaments, and 165,818 Prayer-books and Psalters. In the year 1732 the number of its members was 460, its revenue about 6,000*l.* and the issue of its publications about 16,000. In the year 1832 its members are about 15,000, its revenue about 66,000*l.* and publications nearly a million and three quarters. Thus, in the course of a century, its operations have increased more than a hundred fold, and we have now good reason to hope that they are about to receive a still greater enlargement. It appears by the returns for the present year from 9,300 places containing 10,565 schools, that the number of children receiving instruction in those places, in connection with this Society, amounts to upwards of 740,000; and as there are upwards of 2,000 places, considerable in point of population, from which no reports have been received, the whole number of children receiving instruction upon Christian principles in connection with the Church of England, may be estimated at about 900,000.

A Consequence of Drunkenness.—Henry Ferguson was recently convicted in Pennsylvania of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to 12 years solitary confinement at hard labour in the Penitentiary. The circumstances of the case will illustrate the heading to this paragraph. "The prisoner and deceased had jointly bought a quart of liquor, and received in change two cents. The dispute originated as to the distribution of the change; Ferguson demanding both cents, Tally being willing to give him but one. A dispute therefore, about a single cent cost one of the parties his life, made the other a murderer, and sent him for 12 years to the penitentiary."

The Vermont Miller.—There is a law in the State of Vermont, by which a miller is subjected to a penalty for refusing to grind, when called upon so to do. Howland G. Robinson having come to the conclusion that he could not, conscientiously, grind grain for the purpose of distillation, refused to do it, and was prosecuted and fined. He applied to the Legislature for relief, and that body, at their last session, passed a law for his relief, and gave to all millers the privilege of refusing to grind grain to be used in the manufacture of distilled spirits.—*Rochester D. Ad.*

By the Circuit Court now in session in this village, Judge Cowen presiding, it has been decided that it is not unlawful to pass counterfeit bills purporting to be of foreign banks if said bills purport to be of a value less than five dollars.—*Plattsburgh, N. Y. Rep.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst., Mr Leonard Kirby, (of the firm of L & V Kirby) to Miss Jane Ver Valen.

On the 5th, Mr John T Conditoe, to Miss Catherine Simpson.

On the 6th, Mr Wm R Freeman, to Miss Elizabeth J Harwood.

On the 6th, Rev. Peter P Sandford, to Mrs Betsey Ann Halliday.

On the 7th, Mr Wm Thompson, of New Haven, to Mrs Lucy Ann Beynon, of this city.

On the 7th, Mr H Ward, of Newark, to Mrs E Morse of this city.

On the 10th, Mr John S Duryea, to Miss S. Monroze.

On the 10th, Mr Harvey Lane, to Miss Ann M. Bore.

DIED.

In this city, on the 5th, Mr James Jones, aged 47.

On the 5th, Mr Zephur Nichols, aged 79.

On the 5th, Mrs Maria Merkle, aged 60.

On the 5th, Rev. Patrick Duffy, aged 46.

On the 6th, Mr George Underwood, aged 25.

On the 7th, Mr John M Allister, aged 29.

On the 7th, Miss Jane C Johnson.

On the 7th, Mr George C Tallmadge, aged 24.

On the 7th, Mr Mathias Smith, aged 50.

On the 8th, Mr Wm E Thwing, late of Boston, age 29.

On the 9th, Mr Wm O'Neil, aged 48.

On the 9th, Mr Wm Curtis, aged 73—a native of Fairfield, Va., but a resident of this city for the last 49 years.

Mr C was one of the Revolutionary pensioners—was in the storming of Stony Point, under Gen. Wayne, and at the siege of Charleston, &c.

On the 19th, Mrs Mary Isabella Stewart.

On the 10th, Mr Daniel McGowan, aged 51.

On the 11th, Mrs Elizabeth Wilson, aged 61.

On the 11th, Mr William Conway, age 133.

At Fort M'Henry, on the 4th inst., Capt W G Dana, of the 1st reg't of Artillery. Capt D entered the Army in 1814, since which time he has been constantly on duty.

At Groton, Lieut Wm Parker. At the age of 15, he was at the battle of Bunker Hill.

In Pasquotank county, NC, on the 7th ult., Samuel Overton, a free man of colour, aged 103. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary war, had received a pension for several years, and retained his faculties in an uncommon degree until death.

At Kingston, Jan., on the 9th ult., Capt M Robinson, of Baltimore, aged 39. He was a native of Rhode Island.

SPLENDID FANCY DRESS, MILITARY AND CIVIC BALL.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

City Saloon, Marble Building, 218 Broadway.

"To those that trip it as they go

On the light fantastic toe."

J. W. TRUST removes another inimitable character.

Dress Ball to take place on Friday, the 23d inst., in commemoration of the natal day of the immortal Washington.

J. W. Trust flatters himself that this Ball will, for Fancy, variety, and grandeur, be equal, if not superior, to any which has yet taken place. Dresses, splendid and grotesque, may be had on hire at 422 Broadway. Tickets, to admit 2 Ladies and 1 Gentleman, \$1.10, may be had at the Refectory of the Saloon, or of

J. W. TRUST.

NEW YORK AS IT IS.

PROPOSALS, by J. D. Sturtevant, No. 155 Broadway, for Publishing a Pocket Edition of a concise Description of the City of New York, to be entitled, "New York as it is, in 1833; and Citizens' Advertising Directory," to contain various useful information for the convenience of Citizens, as a book of reference, and a correct Guide to Strangers; giving the localities of all the Public Buildings, Places of Amusement, &c., with lists of Public Officers, Directors of Banks, Insurance Offices, and other Institutions of the City; the Names of the principal Public Houses; and all necessary information relative to Steam-Boats, Stages, foreign and domestic Packets, &c.; accompanied with a correct Map of the City; also, an alphabetical list of the Names and Occupations of Subscribers, so arranged as to be a ready Guide to Strangers, to the respective places of business of the Patrons of the Work.—To be Edited by EDWIN WILLIAMS, Author of the "New York Annual Register," &c.

TERMS.—The book will be comprised in about 200 pages, royal 32mo, printed on fine paper, and neatly bound.

Subscribers' names and occupations not to exceed two lines; fifty cents a line will be charged for all extra lines.

* If sufficiently patronized, it is intended to continue the publication annually, and to appear on or about the 1st of May in each year.—Feb. 16.

PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & Co.

N.B. Also for sale as above, first quality Liverpool and Peach Orchard Nut Coal. Feb. 16—c

HURLEY'S (106 Broadway.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery.

Extra Class No. 3, for 1833.—40 60 59 62 46 58 36 42 9 30.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of \$1000, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5,000, 2 of \$3,260, 5 of \$2,500, 2 of \$2,270, 6 of \$2,000, 5 of \$1,500, 4 of \$1,250, and upwards of 120 of \$1,000 each, &c.

Wednesday, February 20, will be drawn, New York Consolidated Lottery, Extra Class No. 4 for 1833. Capital Prizes—\$2,000, 10,000, 5,000, 2 of 2,000, 2 of 1,500, 3 of 1,200, 10 of 1,000, 20 of 400, 30 of 200, 50 of 100—&c. Tickets only \$5, shares in proportion.

Wednesday, Feb. 27, will be drawn, New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 5 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn ballots. Capital Prizes, \$12,500, 5,000, 2,200, 6 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 400, 10 of 300, 20 of 200, 20 of 150, 41 of 100, &c. Tickets only \$4, shares in proportion.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold. February 7, 1833. c13m

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr Isaac M. Hall, (late of the Franklin House, New-Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgments to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place. Sept. 26th, 1832.

N.B.—All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA,

HENRY THURSTON.

Oct. 1—clt.

TO LET.

THE Upper Part of a genteel and convenient House, in Russell street, (between Madison and Chatham streets.) The Premises are five Rooms, a Kitchen, &c. Rent, \$225.—Apply to T. BISSING, 704 William street. Feb. 16.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAM. S. ST. JOHN, A. B.

TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission to the Common House or College.

When left to the Principal the scholar will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D., Rev. William A. Clark, D.D., Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. LYNES, 256 Pearl street. c3m ms. Jan. 5, 1833.

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar value, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove obstructions, and are found very useful in removing the jaundice; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all scorbutic and unsavoury belching, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by bracing the fibres, and preventing that disagreeable listlessness and weakness arising so frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

226 32 Cedar, corner of William street.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORT-FOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the nearest possible manufacture, for sale by

BISSING & Co., 704 William street.

(next door to Cohen's, 71.)

DIAMOND CEMENT.—An invaluable discovery for joining broken glass, china, earthen ware, cabinet work, and fancy articles of every description. This Cement is acknowledged to be superior to any thing of the kind ever offered to the public. Its extreme strength is remarkable; it resists wet, will stand any degree of heat, and its hardness when set is truly astonishing. The great facility of using it (no mixture or preparation being required) is a strong recommendation in its favour. In fact it only requires to be known, to be found in use in every family.

For mending glass, china, &c. it succeeds wonderfully, as the joints show but little. Many articles of this kind, that but for this discovery would be entirely useless, may be securely and permanently united, and become as useful as when new. The leaves of books, pasteboard, fancy articles, in tortoise shell or cabinet work, may be neatly mended with it. To prevent imitations, and bringing into disrepute the genuine article, the public are requested to observe the signature of the proprietor, W.B. Painter, written on the wrapper of each bottle.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists,

81 William street and 110 Broadway.

TOOTH WASH.—The original and genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash, for cleaning and preserving the teeth and gums, and cleansing the mouth, recommended by Dr. Webster of Harvard University, by Doctors Shattuck, Shurtleff and Flint, of Boston; Doctor Stedman, of the Marine Hospital, and other gentlemen whose names appear on the wrapper of each bottle. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, 81 William st.

and 110 Broadway, General Agents for this city.

The genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash is prepared only by Lowe & Reed, Druggists, Boston, original inventors of the article. Attached to each bottle is the written signature of one of the firm. Feb 7

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st.

near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6—c16m.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the pub-

lic, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established

Stores, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade,

where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assort-

ment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTA-

LOON-STRAIPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPEN-

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